



★ June 13, 1942

THE

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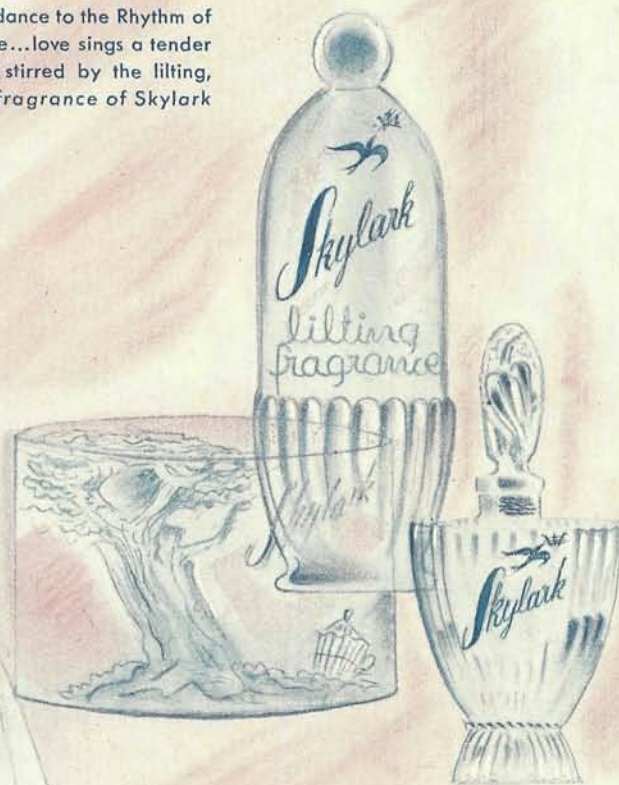
NEW YORKER



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barbara gould New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

CLAUDIA—A return engagement of Rose Franken's comedy of a flighty bride who is brought to face the facts of life. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A somewhat underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. With Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Brunning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

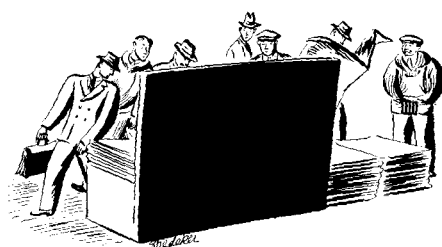
LIFE WITH FATHER—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Sun. and Sat., June 14 and 20.)

CLE HARRY—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

WITH MUSIC

FOOT FORWARD—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of er. into a very pretty and cheerful comedy out life in a preparatory school. The enery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by ne Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh rtin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., at 40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, n. and Sat., June 14 and 20.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

BY JUPITER—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger, Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

LET'S FACE IT!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and pleasant. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

PORGY AND BESS—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Wed. and Sat., June 17 and 20.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., June 11 and 18, and Sun., Wed., and Sat., June 14, 17, and 20, all at 2:30, and Sat., June 13, at 3; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "Hellzapoppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Wynn Murray, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. at 3, Sat., June 13, and at 2:40, Sun. and Sat., June 14 and 20.)

TOP-NOTCHERS—The best trained-dog act in history, assisted by Gracie Fields, Walter

O'Keefe, and the Hartmans. All around, a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. at 3, Sat., June 13, otherwise daily at 2:30; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

LAUGH, TOWN, LAUGH!—A variety show, with Ed Wynn, Carmen Amaya, Smith & Dale, and Jane Froman. Produced by Mr. Wynn. Opens Mon., June 15. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. through Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

THE CAT SCREAMS—A play by Basil Beyea, based on Todd Downing's book, with Doris Nolan and Martin Wolfson. Produced by Martha Hodge. Opens Tues., June 16. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., Sat., and Sun. the first week, and Sat. and Sun. thereafter.)

THE STAR AND GARTER—Gypsy Rose Lee, Bobby Clark, Georgia Sothorn, and other burlesque graduates in a variety show, with some songs by Harold Rome and Johnny Green. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Michael Todd. Opens Thurs., June 18. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Iolanthe," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 11-13; "Patience," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 18-20; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DANCE RECITALS

MAY O'DONNELL AND JOSÉ LIMÓN—Presenting "On American Themes," with music by Ray Green, who will be at the piano as their accompanist: Wed. Eve., June 17, at 9. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (W1 2-1000)—One of those gardens with four walls and a roof, but it has a nice under-the-greenwood air all the same. Jules Lande's orchestra is on hand and also plays for tea dancing daily.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has Ray Heatherton's orchestra supplying dance music and casual entertainment.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTÉ CARLO BEACH, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This pleasant place reopened recently with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Felix Ferry is in charge.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Anne Francine sings and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for tea and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room currently has a small show and Ben Cutler's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing on Sat.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Jack Cole and his dancers head the show in this skyscraping aerie. Music by Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra... Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's dancing on the Viennese Roof to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Jean Sablon sings those French songs of his in

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	53
THE CURRENT CINEMA	49
LETTER FROM CANTERBURY	34
NOTES ON SPANTERS	37
OF ALL THINGS	39
THE RACE TRACK	47
A REPORTER AT LARGE	40
THE THEATRE	30

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Café Lounge. Ray Benson's orchestra. **STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof isn't really out of doors, but then you can't find blue stars out of doors. Georges and Jalna are dancing there and Guy Lombardo's orchestra provides the music. Mischa Borr is around at the supper hour.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mildred Bailey and Jack Gilford head the show in this small, quiet place through Thurs., June 18. **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): you'll find Elsie Houston, Fred Keating (through Sun., June 14), and, of course, Spivy—all of them well worth a hearing. **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also a small show, with Frances Mercer and Hope Emerson. **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter and guest entertainers now and then. **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Walter O'Keefe. **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there, too. **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Nicholas Matthey's orchestra. **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine on a warm evening; Nye Mayhew's orchestra. **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. No dancing. **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor here isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is the mainstay at present. **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compton, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell. **MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any

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other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio. **AL-FRESCO**—At the **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. Lunch and tea have been introduced in the garden of the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53. Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive showing of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from the East Indies and other Pacific Ocean islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20. **BISHOP**—City-genre studies in black-and-white, crisp and impeccable in style: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 12. **CALDER**—A new set of his "mobile" and "stable" sculptures, some of them remarkably inventive: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 12. **DOVE**—New oils, as boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., June 14. **FRENCH**—Oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. **GROUPS**—At the **ULIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a fine still-life by Watson leads a group of paintings by Drewes, Nordfeldt, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 12. **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: water colors and drawings by Botkin, Santo, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., June 13, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: works by Kopf, Owens, Gergely, and other

members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., except June 13, from 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 29. **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: works by Burchfield, Picken, Hopper, and others, in this gallery's annual spring show. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 26. **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Yvonne and Guy Pène du Bois, Cowles, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 12. **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: seasonal review, including works by Wilson, Haucke, and Austin. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 3. **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by de Crecft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—"Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Rae-mackers, and Soglow are represented (through June 30); also, drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MONET—Well-selected loan show of paintings made at the height of the Impressionist period, 1876 to 1885: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through June 27.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., except June 13, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, donated by the public, are being sold for the benefit of the armed services. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., June 14. A garden party and auction of the art works remaining at the end of the exhibition will be held on Tues. Eve., June 16, from 9 until midnight.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A show of paintings and sculptures by members, plus a series of early portraits from the Academy's permanent collection. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., June 15.

YUN GEE—A Chinese artist, deeply influenced by the French, shows oils for the benefit of the British and American Ambulance Corps. Milch, 108 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 13.

HERE AND THERE—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64 paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 13. **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: gouaches by Lucy Aurin in the first of a series of summer exhibition. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. through Fri., June 19. **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 5 paintings and sculptures by Norman Bar Joseph Konzal, and Louis Tytell. Daily A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 13. **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: paintings by Al Redein. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. through Sat., June 20.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony Opening concerts of the season. Rodziri conducting. Wed. through Sat. Eves., J 17-20, at 8. Soloists: Rubinstein, June 17, June 19; Spalding, June 20. (Lewis Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AL 3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway I 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Opening concerts of the se—Central Park Mall, Wed. and Fri. E June 17 and 19, at 8:30. Prospect 1 Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Jun and 20, at 8:30.

OPERA—"The Gypsy Baron," presented b Committee for the Preservation of Au Art and Culture. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Ju 20, at 8:30. (Cosmopolitan Opera I 135 W. 55. For tickets, call CO 5-1051

SPORTS

SPORTS CARNIVAL—An Army and Navy benefit, with Alice Marble, Don Budge



JOHN THOMAS MADDEN,
the presiding genius of the Greater New York War Bond Pledge campaign, in command of two hundred thousand volunteers. If New York doesn't come through with pledges totalling \$1,900,000,000, Mr. Madden will feel that his time (two and a half months, borrowed from his job as administrative vice-president of the Manufacturers Trust Company) will have been wasted.

by Feller, Joe Louis, Greg Rice, and Craig Wood heading the list of participants in boxing, golf, tennis, track, and other events: Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., June 14, at 1. (For tickets, call WI 7-2662.)

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. Aft., June 11, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., June 12, at 3, Sat. Aft., June 13, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., June 14 (doubleheader), at 2... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Mon. Eve., June 15, at 6:45, and Wed. Aft., June 17, at 3; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Eve., June 18, at 6:45, Fri. Aft., June 19, at 3, and Sat. Aft., June 20, at 2:30... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis, Tues. and Wed. Afts., June 16-17, at 3; Giants vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., June 19 (doubleheader), at 1:45, and Sat. Aft., June 20, at 2:30.

DOG SHOWS—North Westchester Kennel Club, Katonah, Sat., June 13, at 10 A.M.; Navy Relief Society benefit... Longshore Kennel Club, Westport, Conn., Sun., June 14, at 10 A.M.; Dogs for Defense benefit.

FENCING—National Championships—Sabres: team, Fri. Eve., June 12, at 7:30; individual, Tues. Eve., June 16, at 6; Salle Santelli, 24 University Pl., at 9th St... Epees: team, Sat. Aft., June 13, at 2; individual, Wed. Eve., June 17, at 6; Salle Santelli... Foils: women's team, Sat. Eve., June 13, at 8, Fencers Club, 320 E. 53; women's individual, semifinals, Mon. Eve., June 15, at 6, Salle Santelli, and finals, Fri. Eve., June 19, at 8, Sert Room, Waldorf-Astoria; men's team, Sun. Aft., June 14, at 2, individual, Thurs. Eve., June 18, at 6, Salle Santelli.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Seniors' Championship, Apawamis Club, Rye, Thurs. and Fri., June 11-12... Metropolitan Amateur-Professional Championship, Metropolis C.C., White Plains, Fri., June 12... Metropolitan Senior Championship, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, N.J., Tues., June 16... Hale America National Open, Ridgemoor C.C., Chicago, Thurs. through Sun., June 18-21.

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show, Upperville, Va., Fri. and Sat., June 12-13, at 9:30 A.M.; war-relief benefit... Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Sat. and Sun., June 13-14, at 9:30 A.M.; Navy Relief Society benefit.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M.; through June 27. (The Carter Handicap, June 13; the Dwyer, June 20.) Frequent trains will leave Penn Station weekdays between 12 noon and 1:15 P.M.

SKETCH—Great Eastern Championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Fri., June 19, at 10 A.M., Sat., June 20, at 9 A.M., and Sun., June 21, at 8 A.M.

TENNIS—National Professional Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, starting Sat., June 20, at about 1 P.M.; Navy Relief Society benefit.

TRACK—National A.A.U. Championships, Triborough Stadium, Randall's Island, Fri. Aft. and Eve., June 19, at 2 and 6:30, and Sat. Aft., June 20, at 2; Army Emergency Relief benefit.

YACHTING—Championships on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., June 14, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

PARADE—"New York at War," an all-day event in which several hundred thousand people are expected to march, will start at 10 A.M. on Sat., June 13, at Washington Sq. and proceed north on Fifth Ave. to 79th St. (For tickets in the reviewing stand, from 40th to 42nd Sts., and the grandstand, from 60th to 79th Sts., call PL 5-1170. In case of rain the parade will be held the following day.)

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: a housing show, complete with sound effects and a running commentary from loudspeakers, arranged with the aid of the National Committee on the Housing Emergency (through June 21); also, photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Sept. 20). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and models touching on many aspects of actual fighting and home defense. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through the summer... **WEYHE GALLERY**, 794 Lexington, at 61: pictures taken by Chinese photographers, showing various aspects of their nation's war against Japan; a United China Relief benefit. Mon.



through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 27.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Montell, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

BENEFIT—Victory Ball, with entertainment by Argentinita, Paul Draper, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, the De Marcos, and the Hartmans, among others; Navy Relief Society benefit: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., June 20, at 9.

ON THE AIR—American Opera Series, Wallenstein conducting "The Second Hurricane," Thurs. Eve., June 11; "The King's Henchman," Thurs. Eve., June 18; at 8. WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Fri., Mon., and Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WHN... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEA; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—American and English furniture and decorations, silver, china, and Oriental and hooked rugs, belonging to Mrs. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, James L. Hutchinson, Philip Colleck, and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., June 11-12, at 2... Chinese porcelains, carvings, paintings, and sculptures, owned by Mme. Marthe Grosjean, and Mrs. Harry Hawes' collection of snuff bottles: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., June 17-18, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, and Deems Taylor. The current version has been slightly trimmed and its special sound accompaniment toned down to the limitations of the average theatre. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 12... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., June 13-15.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin adds modern improvements to his famous classic, and the result, with its music and its narrative, is highly delightful. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Bette Davis as a problem daughter in one of those Southern families Ellen Glasgow describes and understands.

Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan are also involved. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., June 18.)

KINGS ROW—An outspoken and well-acted story of some very odd goings on in a small town in the nineties. With Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., June 12... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., June 13... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., June 16-17.)

LADY IN DISTRESS—A superb English melodrama, not about the war. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 13-15.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda in the Thurber-Nugent comedy of life on the campus at the height of the football season. Faculty and alumni complications especially featured. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Fri., June 12... Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., June 16... Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Thurs., June 12-18... Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., June 13-17... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., June 16-17.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a vast, prolonged story of England's ordeal under fire. Expert and stirring, abundant in tears and drama. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—A good thriller, with a surprise here and there, and generally superior to the run of this kind of thing. That Miss Veronica Lake is mixed up in this, and an unknown young man, an Alan Ladd, who seems to be starting a career as a sinister type. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., June 15... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Mon., June 13-15.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—James Cagney in a momentous, tremendous "life story" of George M. Cohan, which includes the old songs, scenes from the great shows, tunes, and hoofing in the grand style. Also with Joan Leslie, Jeanne Cagney, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30 P.M.)

REVIVALS

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO (1940)—Murder in old Paris. Bette Davis and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., June 17-19.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Wed., June 17.)

DESTINY RIDES AGAIN (1939)—Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart, and Una Merkel in a Western. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., June 12.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 11.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., June 13.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., June 15-16.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 16-17.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in the Philip Barry piece. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., June 13-16.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 17-19.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., JUNE 11-12**: "Beau Geste" (1926), Ronald Colman, Mary Brian, William Powell, Ralph Forbes. **SAT. AND SUN., JUNE 13-14**: "Chang" (1927), documentary film. **MON. AND TUES., JUNE 15-16**: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), René Clair film. **WED. AND THURS., JUNE 17-18**: "Berlin" (1927) and "Rain" (1929), both documentary films. **FRI. AND SAT., JUNE 19-20**: "The General" (1927), Buster Keaton; and "Big Business" (1929), Laurel and Hardy.



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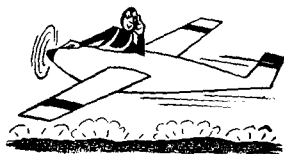
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NORTHEAST of the tip of Sandy Hook the Rockaways flared like a diamond sunburst," reported a group of Army, Navy, and Coast Guard officers who had gone up in a dirigible to observe the dimout, and added, "The lamps up and down the river were pretty much like a stretched-out diamond bracelet." "This building stood out like a pure white diamond among rough pebbles," they said of a high school in the Bronx. High altitudes, we have noted ever since reading the works of Saint-Exupéry,



are apt to have an odd effect on the human mind, making it see everything, including military objectives, in terms of almost unbearable beauty. "One group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bombs fell in their midst," said Vittorio Mussolini, a poet dreamily contemplating his handiwork. "It was strange to see the flames reflected on our aircraft," said a British pilot, recounting the effect of a thousand bombers over Cologne. "It looked at times as if we were on fire ourselves, with the red glow dancing up and down our wings." We ourselves hope that in time the United Nations will bomb the Axis to hell and gone, but we are not sure that anything will be gained by thinking of the grim job in terms of aesthetics. On the other hand, it may be that poetry is in for the best years it has ever known.

THE death of John Barrymore made us think again for a minute of F. Scott Fitzgerald. They were very different men; a lot alike. Undoubtedly they both worked hard, but there was the same sense of a difficult technique

easily mastered (too easily, perhaps); there was the same legend of great physical magnetism, working incessantly for its own destruction; there was the same need for public confession, either desperate or sardonic; and there was always a good deal of time wasted, usually accompanied by the sweet smell of grapes. We have seen Scott Fitzgerald when everything he said was a childish parody of his own talent, and the last time we saw John Barrymore he was busy with a sick and humiliating parody of his. The similarity probably ends there. Up to the day he died, we believe, Fitzgerald still kept his original and eager devotion to his profession, along, we like to think, with the confidence that he might still achieve the strict perfection that was so often almost his. Barrymore, on the other hand, had given up long ago. It is absurd, of course, to say that a man was never gifted on the ground that he has lent himself to a savage burlesque of his own gifts, but it is a good deal easier to accept his death. We mourned Scott Fitzgerald with a sense of waste and loss because, in spite of everything, he must have died with some hope still bright in his heart. We are going to miss John Barrymore, but it is hard to regret what surely must have remained of his career—a few more foolish jokes to be made over the radio, a few more cheap paragraphs to be written in the gossip columns, just a little while longer to pull down what was left of the hateful and magnificent past.

STILL reflecting on John Barrymore, we've decided that this may be the time to revive an old campaign that a good many people have waged from time to time. Our version of it is divided into two parts.

First: Anybody who knowingly exploits a sick, senile, or merely irrelevant person of talent would be shot, automatically. This would include whoever cleverly gave Mr. Barrymore cer-

tain passages from "Hamlet" to speak in a play called "My Dear Children," whoever induced Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to play "Camille" at seventy-five with a wooden leg, whoever permitted a well-known prizefighter to go on fighting when he was clearly insane from being hit too often on the head, and perhaps various publishers who continue to extract books from authors who no longer have any idea what they're talking about. In the category of exploiting irrelevant genius, it would certainly include whoever convinced Ulysses S. Grant that he ought to be the President of the United States, the countless theatrical gentlemen who have persuaded countless celebrated prostitutes (not to mention an occasional murderess) that they ought to act on the stage, and conceivably the editors and politicians who are already grooming General Douglas MacArthur for the White House. This list is not complete; it is just a good beginning.

Second: Sick, senile, or irrelevant talent would be taken care of by the government whenever necessary, not



on minute pensions but at a rate approximating the amount they made during the period of their greatest success. This, we feel, ought to square us with history, which, as things stand now, is going to want to know why the most famous men and women in this country, once past their immediate usefulness, were ever confronted with the choice of either starving to death in a dignified manner or else entering a vaudeville act of one kind or another, such as the Grant administration. So far we haven't made up our mind what agency would be responsible for deciding which extant talents deserved a government subsidy, except that we're pretty sure it wouldn't

be the Pulitzer Prize Committee. We feel, however, that this detail wouldn't be hard to work out. The whole project is obviously in the interest of the dignity of the human race.

Counter-Espionage

WE have heard only one single story out of Hot Springs, where the Japanese diplomats and their staffs were interned, and this is it. All the little chaps were quartered in the Homestead Hotel, and naturally the Homestead people were somewhat apprehensive. Sure enough, one evening the fire-alarm sounded. The signal board indicated a bedroom occupied by one of the Japs, and guards, night watchmen, and G-men hopped upstairs. They found the door. They pounded on it for a while and then broke it down. Inside stood a terrified Jap, in nothing but shorts, being thoroughly wetted down by the automatic sprinkler system. It turned out that he had been rummaging through

some old boot heels and had found some documents he thought it better to destroy. So he had made a brisk little bonfire of them in the bathtub. The sprinkler system had done the rest, acting promptly and patriotically.

Broadway Fish

IT is in a spirit of fatuous accuracy and not of captiousness that we feel obliged to report that the number of fish in the window of the new Aquarium Restaurant on Seventh Avenue, near Loew's Mayfair, is considerably below five thousand. This may be a blow to those who read the announcement that there would be five thousand fish, a statement which took us over there the day the place opened.

We found right away why there would be fewer than the advertised number, being lucky enough to run into Mr. Walter Horn of the Troqua Company of Bayside, Long Island, dealers in live fish. "They wanted tropicals,"

Mr. Horn said, "and they only gave us three days on the order. You don't pick up tropicals on the corner." Mr. Horn and an aide in a blue play suit had just arrived by automobile, with several cans of tropicals on the back seat. Their first move was to set the cans in the water of the tank, which was about ten feet long. As far as we could see, another reason there weren't five thousand fish was that the tank couldn't possibly hold that many. Mr. Horn told us that the purpose of putting the cans in the tank was to equalize the water temperatures before transferring the fish. A bigger change than two degrees won't do for tropicals.

During the adjustment period we took a look around the restaurant, which was scheduled to open that evening but didn't look it. There seemed to be about five thousand carpenters and electricians on the premises and a lot of assorted lumber on the floor. Muzak was already operating, however, and the works of Victor Herbert could be heard above the hammer blows. Mr. Ben Harriman, the

proprietor of the Aquarium, wasn't visible, and an assistant explained that he was off somewhere by himself brooding over his failure to get a liquor license in time for his first night. Two or three bartenders were at their stations, but the shelves behind them were empty. There was still a chance the Board might come through, the assistant said.

We got back to the tank, which the Troqua men were now ready to stock. They emptied the cans into nets and the nets into the tank. The tropicals shook themselves and swam about their business. A few people on the sidewalk outside looked in for a moment and then walked about theirs. Mr. Horn identified certain representative fish for us as blu gourami, kissing gouram (from India), angelfish an black tetra from the Amazo Basin, red swordtails from Mexico, and golden danio unattached—or else we neglected to make a note as where they're from. While we were watching, a blue gourai shot to the surface, blew a bubble, and submerged again. Mr. Horn explained that the gourami is an air-breathing fish and susceptible to drowning just like himself or us. Further we picked up included



"I understand the food is only fair and the recreational facilities somewhat limited, but there's a large Army post nearby."

facts that the only goldfish which could be allowed liberty in a tank such as this is the fantailed shubunkin, this being the only breed too sluggish to catch and devour other tropicals, and that the pressure in the Aquarium's tank, which is around three feet deep, would be too great for many kinds of tropicals. They might get the bends.

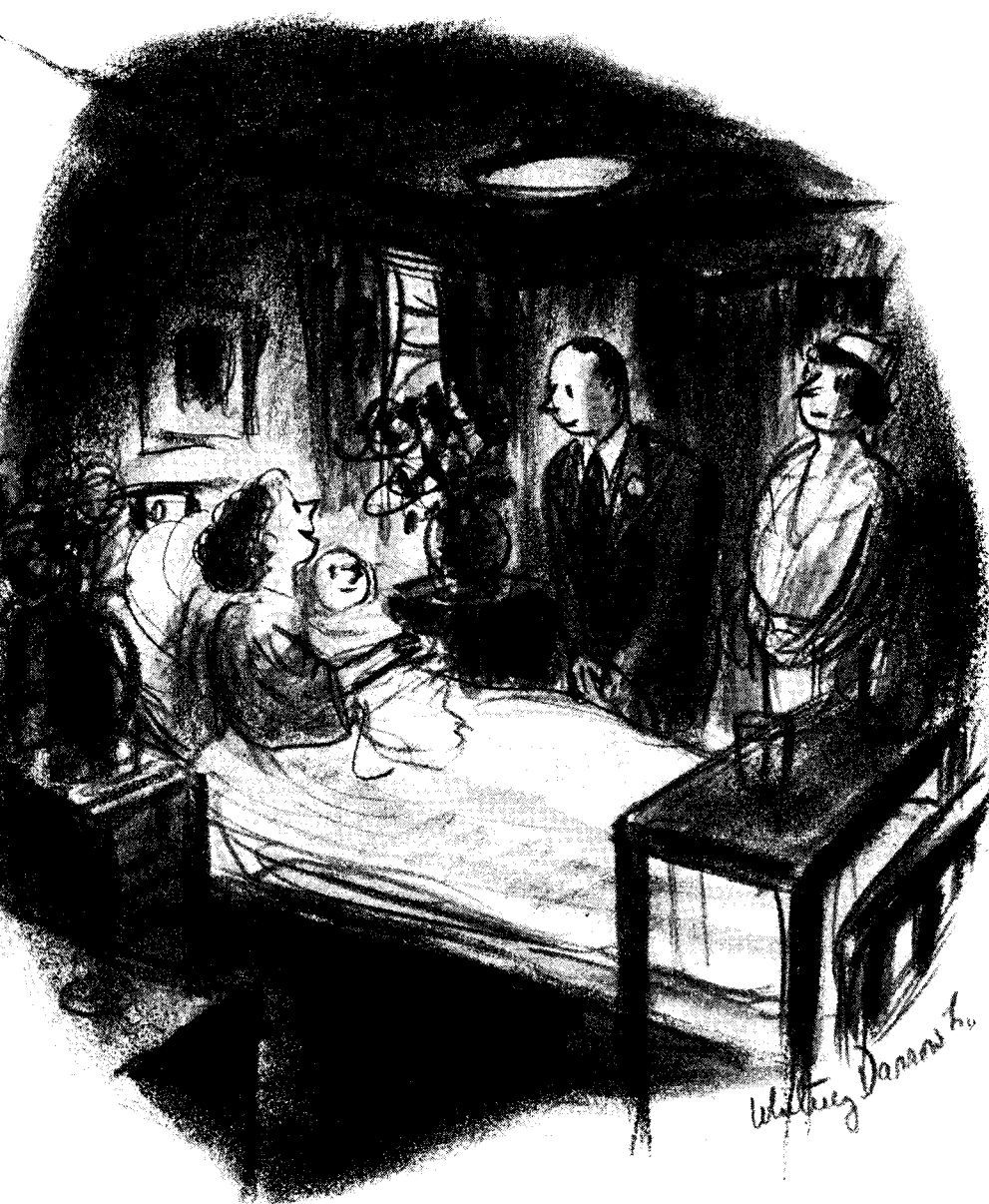
A small man in a sports jacket came over and Mr. Horn warned him about having a too-bright light focussed on the tank. "You'd give them an algae condition before you knew it," Mr. Horn said. "I appreciate that fact," said the man. "I have had some experience with these animals." At this point Mr. Horn's assistant came back from Mr. Horn's automobile with a ticket signed by Patrolman John McMullen and we left quietly.

Fun House

LAST Sunday, at dusk, three people were strolling along Rockefeller Plaza—a knowledgeable New York lady and a pair of country cousins, apparently. As they approached the Time and Life Building, famed Lucedifice, the well-informed lady said, "They call this the Time of Life Building—I don't know why."

Test Questions

THE war has resulted in a considerably increased telegraphic money-order traffic, we were advised the other day by an official of Western Union whom we drew out conversationally; people are rushing money to soldiers, defense workers are sending Mother a few bucks. Every time money is sent by telegraph the matter of a test question comes up, for identification purposes. The sender is invited to supply a bit of text upon which the clerk at the paying office can base a question calculated to assure that the money is being given to the right person. Thereby hangs, inevitably, a certain amount of anecdotal. Ninety-nine per cent of the test questions are straightforward and dull; for instance, the sender writes on the money-order blank, "Payee's mother wears spectacles;" the prospective payee, asked if his mother wears spectacles, says



"No, no, darling! First get his ration card, then enter him at Groton."

"Yes," and gets his money. The law of averages, however, brings up an inevitable percentage of citizens who are filled with whimsy or plain, old-fashioned confusion. Probably the most disrupting test question that can be sent along with a money order is one dealing with a birthmark, vaccination, or scar. The sight of an eager recipient stripping down to the buff tends to make the other customers in a telegraph office nervous.

The biggest money order Western Union ever paid out—\$250,000—was handed over without a word, because the recipient signed the receipt with his left hand, thereby fulfilling the conditions of the test question. The company has also paid out, without misgiv-

ing, sums of money to payees accurately described as possessing bulbous noses, crossed eyes, and nervous tics of various sorts. One lady, described in the test question as having "a pleasant personality and a kind heart," had to be further checked on. Our Western Union man didn't recall just how. The payment doesn't stand or fall purely on the results of the test question, it seems; if you just can't remember your maternal grandmother's maiden name but can produce other proofs of your being the man you say you are, chances are that you'll collect. Some confidential facts hardly qualify as identification. "Payee loves sender" was one such that bobbed up recently. The data for the questions can be, and have been, used to convey

more or less subtle reproach. A month ago a salesman who had wired his home office for an advance had to admit that his sales record was the worst in his district before he could collect.

Sometimes a profound confusion results from the fact that the recipient doesn't know any money is coming to him. One ingenuous fellow was summoned to his local telegraph office a while ago and asked where his oldest brother lived. "He's in Fort Worth," the unwitting payee answered, full of wonder. Thereupon they handed him twenty-five dollars. He counted this windfall and turned back hopefully to the clerk. "My *next* oldest brother lives in Toledo," he said.

Not in Stock

ONE of Macy's little minxes has sneaked us an account of the problem caused by an out-of-town customer who wrote in to ask if they had Turgenev's "Smoke." He put it just that way; didn't say "a copy of Turgenev's 'Smoke'" or otherwise give any clues leading to the book department. The order was promptly relayed to the tobacco department, which, after a diligent search, reported that Turgenev's Smoke was not in stock. Then, just on the chance, they tried the drug department, with no better results. The grocery department didn't have it, either. They'd probably be looking for it yet, among insecticides or incenses, if the customer's letter hadn't fallen into the hands of an admirer of Russian literature. The book department had Turgenev's "Smoke," all right.

Ah, Thespis!

THE picture "Yankee Doodle Dandy," in which James Cagney, impersonating George M. Cohan, is awarded (contrary to taste, tradition, and, for that matter, law) the Congressional Medal of Honor by a Captain Jack Young, impersonating President Roosevelt, may help stir up the war spirit and should certainly help stir up our songwriters, but it will probably mean doom to the career of one Dave Mallen, in the opinion of Dave Mallen himself. Mallen is a fellow who has been making a fairly comfortable living for twenty-five years impersonating Cohan in such places as burlesque

theatres, Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, Elks' halls, and the studios of the National Broadcasting Company. Now, however, he is afraid the jig is up. "I can hear them, I can hear them," he told us lugubriously when we looked him up at the Lambs Club. "I'll be giving them the *real* Cohan, the Cohan that out-Cohans Cohan, as Cohan himself once put it, and they'll just say, 'Hell, that ain't Cagney.'" We asked Mallen to tell us the story of his life, it being our private theory that while truth may not be as strange as a talking picture, it has its points.

Well, Mallen was born on East Thirteenth Street in 1890 and in time grew into a young man who looked a good deal like George M. Cohan. The latter was some ten or twelve years older than Mallen and around 1900 was playing with his father, mother, and sister in "The Four Cohans" at Tony Pastor's. Mallen used to see the act and then go home and impersonate Cohan in front of the mirror in his bedroom. Then he got to impersonating Cohan in the parlor. When he graduated from high school he went to work as a clerk for the New York Central and almost immediately organized his fellow-workers into an amateur theatrical society, the first production being "The Little Millionaire," one of Cohan's early hits, in which Mallen played Cohan. By 1917 Mallen had quit the New York Central and was playing in burlesque shows around town, the star of a skit called "What Does the Public Want?" in which he played Cohan. "There was

a song that went 'What does the public want? What does the public want?'" Mallen explained in telling about this. "Well, finally," he went on, "I was known all over as the pocket edition of George M. Cohan. Strand Roof for five years, Elks' smokers, a sustaining program for N.B.C.—you know. I did all right. I sang all

the songs—'Grand Old Flag' and so forth—and I had his crooked smile and all his mannerisms, the behind stuck out and so forth. Cohan himself saw me and afterward he said, 'You rascal, you're out-Cohaning Cohan!' Sometimes, after that, I would run into him at the Lambs or somewhere and he would say, 'Hello, Dave, how is it?' Other times he would say, 'Hello, Mallen,' and other times he would say, 'Hello, Mr. Mal-

len.' He was changeable—you know."

Mallen lives in Long Island City, only a block away from the home of Lieutenant Bulkeley, the P-T boat hero. He met Cagney here in New York before the Cohan picture was made and Cagney remembered him all right. "Strand Roof," Cagney said to him and clapped him on the back. "Jimmy is O.K.," Mallen told us. "He would have taken me out to Hollywood to coach him but the studio had decided he ought to play Cohan more Cagney than Cohan because the present-day public knows Cagney better than Cohan. And don't get me wrong! Jimmy is wonderful—as Cagney."

On the whole, strange; but nothing here for Hollywood, probably.

Emergency

IN these troubled times, a man is likely to forget that he can't buy a tube of shaving cream without turning in an empty tube. This happened recently to a friend of ours. The clerk was politely firm: no empty tube, no shaving cream. "Government orders," he explained gently, "and of course we got to obey government orders, even in wartime."

Pre-Parade

WE dropped in on the Mayor's Committee for Mobilization New York at War, Inc., when preparations for this Saturday's big parade were entering the home stretch. All h-h was just beginning to break l--se, but we succeeded in getting an audience, or scraps of one, with Dr. Frank Monaghan, an administrative assistant on the staff of Chairman G. A. Whalen. Dr. Monaghan, a smooth-spoken gent who is on leave from the history department of Yale, was sitting in a small office behind two secretaries, one of whom was blond and wore an anklet. As we came in this girl was discussing a matter of parade protocol with a British lieutenant commander while Dr. Monaghan was talking on the phone to a party he dressed as Colonel. His other secretary told us that he was a little rushed at moment, since he was about to have conference with General Drum. As soon as he could work us in, Dr. Monaghan told us that his main problem was the military but the various for groups that were to be represented in the parade.

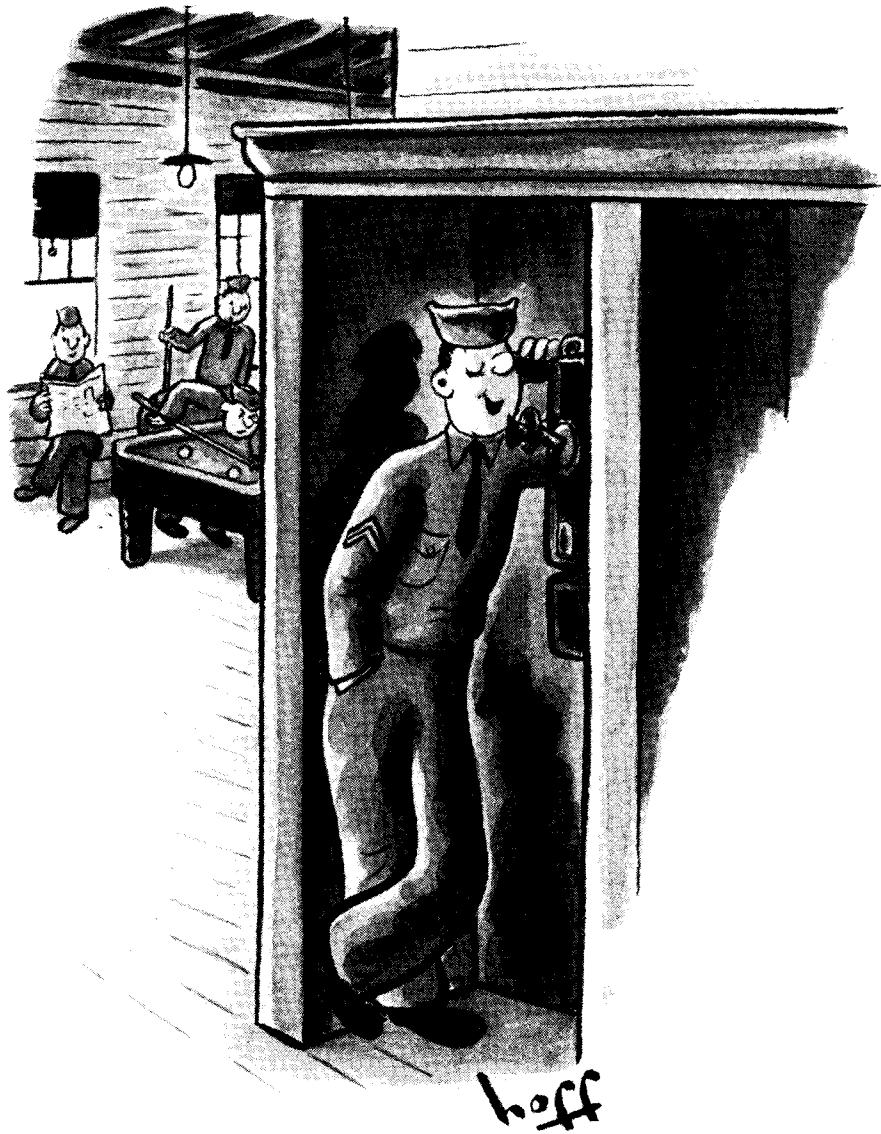
"Take, for instance, the Latvians, the Lithuanians, and the Estonians said. "They want to march ar



the fallen countries, and if they don't, they'll be insulted. If they do, the Russians will be insulted. The State Department recognizes ministries from all three countries and Russia at the same time. I've talked with the State Department so many times it's awful." He told us that a prominent Lithuanian had threatened to lead a delegation to Washington if New York at War didn't play ball. "And down there they probably won't be able to get accommodations," he added.

Another outfit that worried Monaghan for a while, he told us, was a local Ukrainian group. These Ukrainians are White, and they said that if another Ukrainian group, friendly to the Soviet, were permitted to march under the Soviet flag, they, the White Ukrainians, would not march at all. Monaghan said they could all march under an American flag. "You are a genius," said the Ukrainians. The biggest stir of all was created by the Free French. They wanted to have a float in the parade but couldn't raise the money, so the committee went to work for them and dug up enough funds for a perfect honey of a float. It seems, however, that some of the Free French didn't know this and called up the *New York Post* to announce that they were being left out. The *Post* ran a heated editorial denouncing New York at War. New York at War, in the shape of Monaghan, called up the *Post* to straighten things out. The *Post* printed a retraction the next day. This was more than Monaghan was able to accomplish in the case of a Hungarian-language paper he showed us, which carried a headline reading, "Dr. Monaghan Rendezi A Show-T." "I don't know what it means," he told us, "so I can't refute it."

After the Doctor had gone off to confer with the General, we talked for a while with an associate, Mr. John Brunini. He was executive director of the Temple of Religion at the World's Fair, a fact which makes him doubly astonished at an attack which has been heaped on him by a person or persons unknown. It started when a man called p committee headquarters and complained about participation in the parade by the Ku Klux Klan. The committee went into a huddle, found that none of its members had dealt with the Klan at all, and called the man back to ask him where he had heard such a tale. "Oh, around," said the man. "Who is supposed to be sponsoring the Klan's participation?" asked the committee. "Brunini," said the man. Mr. Brunini



"It's not that important, Mamma. It's more like I got promoted to be Mr. Feinschreiber's assistant in the shipping department."

nini was still trying to puzzle this one out when it became his sad function to turn down a couple of hundred public-school children who wrote in asking if they could march. "We aren't even letting the Boy Scouts in, except for a few of the older ones," he explained to us. "This parade goes from Washington Square to Seventy-ninth Street, and we can't have any faltering."

Dead Loss

ONE of the tales they've been cackling over in faculty clubs is about a Princeton professor who, shortly after Thomas Mann arrived there, got his formal clothes out of mothballs, donned his top hat, and paid a ceremonial call on the distinguished newcomer. After he had had a pleasant chat

with Dr. Mann, the butler took him back to the hallway, helped him into his overcoat, and opened the door. "My hat, please," the professor said. The butler looked surprised. "I'm sorry, sir, but you weren't wearing a hat when you came," he said. After a good deal of polite bickering, the professor asked to speak with Dr. Mann again. "Sorry, sir, but he's busy now," the butler said firmly. Seething and muttering, the professor stalked home, his hair blowing around his ears, and wrote a note to Dr. Mann, setting forth the entire case of the missing hat. Dr. Mann's reply was prompt and courteous: he regretted the loss of the hat, but could only take the word of his butler. The hat was gone for good. The professor's wife checked up discreetly after the Manns' first spring housecleaning at Princeton, but it hadn't turned up.



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To See Mr. Nelson

AIN'T YOU MY DAMZEN?

IDLEWILD is a standard-equipment town in the Borough of Queens. Though seldom through any fault of his own, Idlewild people were always getting sore at a poor cluck of a boy named Webb Walters. To look at Webb from the chin up, you might think he was crippled or deformed or a polio case. Take the nose on him; it wasn't a broad blob or an impudent snub or finely chiselled or anything like that. It was simply the straight-up-and-down piece of meat a chronically sick kid smells with, pinched in at the wings. His mouth was just as uninteresting: a straight-back-and-forth slit to eat and talk and spit through, never either glad or sorry. He was hollow-cheeked, and his eyes, which were small and brown and unchangingly dull, seemed fixed in a resigned misery no matter what was going on, even when general elation was loose. The coördination of his long, skinny arms and legs was so bad that at every sort of game he was hopeless.

Actually, Webb enjoyed the best of health. He got plenty of wholesome food at home, the Board of Education doctors went over the Idlewild children once a year like piano-tuners, and none of his contemporaries will soon forget the rage of Monty McGanley, captain and backstop of the Cherry Street Tigers, when Webb drew the highest physical-exam rating in 7B. In 7B, Monty was supreme at chest expansion, making big muscle, and so forth, but Webb, it turned out, had it on everybody in stuff like seeing, hearing, teeth, and all-around uvular endeavor. Poor Webb couldn't help it, of course, but Monty's rage was another case in point.

Nor was Webb gifted with any special humor or skill or cunning which would have recommended him to the Cherry Street kids, and they used to wonder about this sometimes, for he came of a flashy family. His father, a plumber, had been anchor man on the Idlewild A.C.'s tug-of-war team that had once reached the semifinals of the borough championship; his three brothers, who were steamfitters, played semipro ball for the Foster Oilcos; while his nineteen-year-old sister, Glenna, was not only a knockout for looks but had the prettiest pair of stilts on her you would see outside a show. Indeed, some said, yes, or inside any show, either. Webb, however, appeared to have inherited none of the family flash, and with the six years between himself and Glenna, it was almost as if he were an

only child, an only child of parents too far along to care much.

Glenna was the neighborhood sweetheart all right, though everybody was a perfect gentleman on account of those three steamfitters, not to mention the Idlewild A.C.'s ex-anchor. Because she was such a knockout and could have had everything in pants after her like bird dogs if she'd wanted, the women would have been against her ordinarily, but she was a good girl and married to a specialty salesman named Buck Newlum, who was constantly on the drink and kept slamming out on her and staying away weeks at a time, so they were for her. Specialty is sociology for door-to-door.

Glenna had a way with kids, too. None would have thought of calling her Mrs. Newlum, in spite of her being married three years already. If she was passing the vacant lot at Cherry and Twelfth, she would stop and watch the Tigers practice. Cupping her mouth with her hands, she would say softly, "Attaway to workinair!" Monty would come out of his crouch and raise his mask and wipe his face with his throwing arm. "Hi, Glenna!" It made them feel swell to have her watch them. "How's Webb doing, Monty?" she would say, and Monty would answer, "Fine, Glenna, fine. Let's see. . . . There he is, out in right."

With few or no left-handed batters in kid baseball, right field is where little or nothing goes on, and that's where Webb usually was. Not really in the practice, mind you. He would be sitting down or looking over the fence or sadly scraping the dust with the toe of a shoe. Being a jerk. Glenna knew he was a jerk as well as anybody, but she

pretended not to, the way all the Cherry Street kids did when she was around.

"It's the Young Americans you play next, isn't it?"

She always had it right, and it couldn't have been from Webb that she had it. He didn't know who played in the last World Series. "Well, best of luck Saturday," she would say, going. "Slip 'em the old business."

It was largely through their high regard for Glenna that the Cherry Street kids tolerated Webb Walters—that is, didn't pick on him much or knock him about, no matter how sore he sometimes made them. His other asset was a catcher's mitt his brother Ray had used with the Foster Oilcos and then given him. Webb had turned up one day with it at the lot, and Monty immediately borrowed it for the next three seasons.

The Tigers had beaten the Young Americans once and the Young Americans had won the return game. After lunch on the Saturday fixed for the playoff, the Tigers were assembled at Cherry and Twelfth to set out for Harker Park, on the other side of town. The team and Webb and a number of the younger kids, eager to shriek "Roar, Tigers, roar!" when the hits were coming, sat on the curb and waited for Damzen, a colored boy who played centre field and was the team's best batter. Damzen jiggled at the plate. His arms jiggled and his legs jiggled and his head jiggled and his bat jiggled and he would keep jiggling there until he got one he liked and then he would draw back with a kind of ticktock motion and smack it over the trees.

He was called Damzen because damzen was the way he thought of the word "damsel," except that to him damsel seemed to mean something like friend or pal. "Ain't you my damzen?" he would holler at some boy he would pick out. "You're my damzen, ain't you, boy?" He would point a finger and insist. "Ain't you? Ain't you my damzen?" At last, when the boy, somewhat embarrassed, said "Sure" or "That's right," Damzen would gurgle with laughter. "Yes, sir! You certainly is my damzen."

Everybody rose to greet him. *Yay, Damzen! . . . Hey, Damzen, lookit. . . . Show it to him, Monty, show it to him. . . .*

Monty took a square pasteboard box from his pocket, raised the little lid, shook out a tissue-wrapped sphere, put the lid flap of the box between his teeth, then gently removed the tissue paper with a flourish of his thumb and fore-



finger. The ball, with its alternately red and blue stitching standing out from the snow-white horsehide, looked to them like a beautiful something to eat. Nearly everybody began to talk at once and with great eagerness.

The Dodgers uses them. . . . Yeah, and the whole rest of the National League. . . . It's a genuine Spaldwin. . . . Spaldwin! Listen to him. Spaldin', stoop, Spaldin'. Get in the city. . . . Cost a dollar-forty. . . . I give a nickel. . . . You give a nickel! Faw Chrissake, Monty give a quarter. . . . Ain't she a honey? . . . Guess maybe you couldn't kiss that for a homer, huh, Damzen? . . . Yeah, Damz, how you like that for a ole apple? . . .

Gurgling, Damzen had taken the ball and was feeling its seams when there were two of what sounded like truck-exhaust backfires, an interval, and then another. Tallest in the huddle, the colored boy looked idly down Twelfth, where the sounds came from. "Uh-oh," he said. The way he said it made them

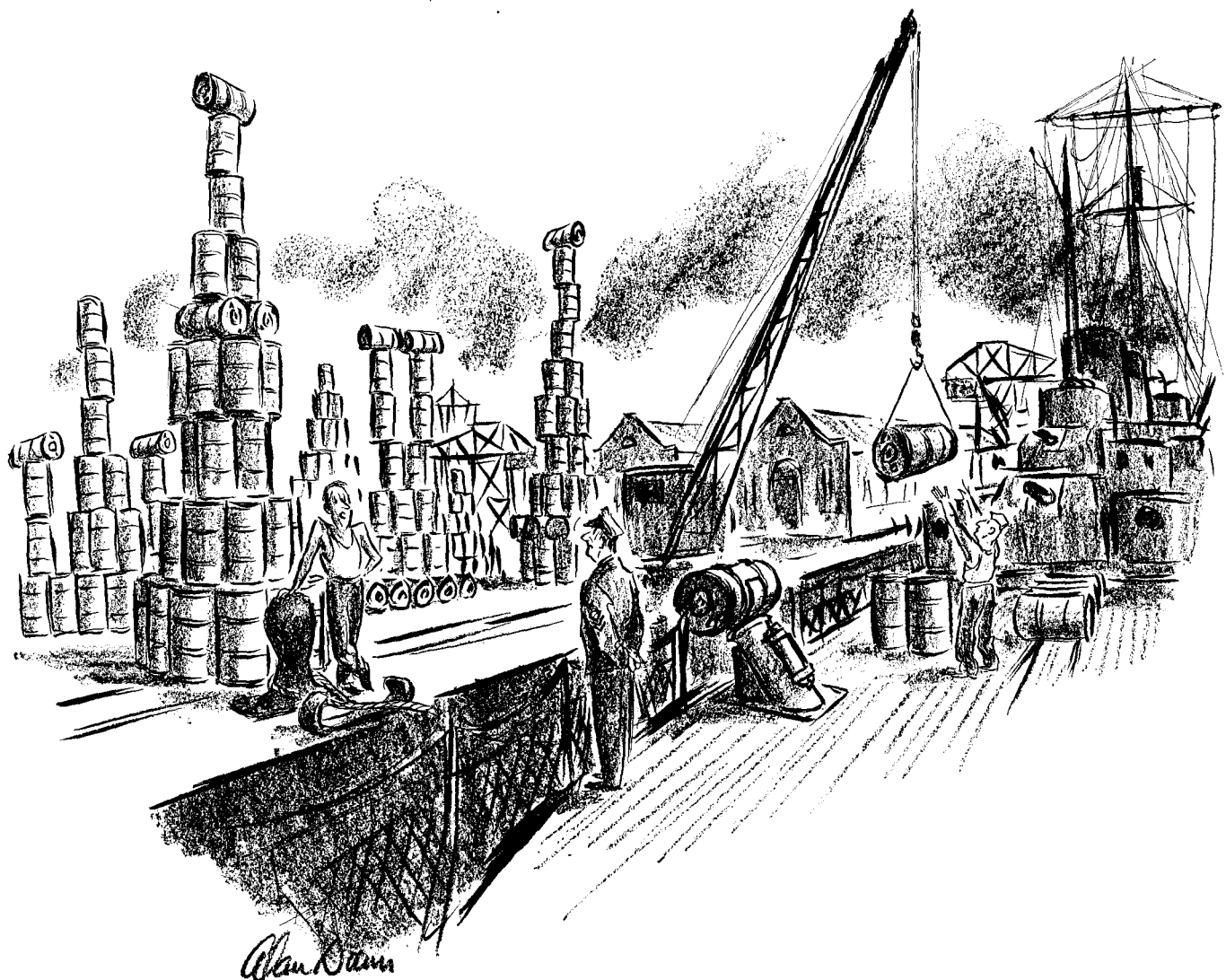
all look in the direction he was staring. They saw Buck Newlun stagger into the middle of the street and pitch forward on his face. His straw hat rolled on its brim in a circle that grew smaller and smaller.

Ray Walters, the Oilcos' catcher, was right on Buck's heels, and the kids, sprinting toward them, thought Ray must have given him a terrible kick. He knelt by Buck a moment, then ran back toward the semi-detached where the Walterses lived and the Newluns. A passed-out drunk is always interesting and a fight between men is even better, but when they got to Buck they saw the short-barrelled detective special, the kind known as a belly gun, lying by his head and they saw the powder marks around the wound in his right temple. Glenna was in a chair on the porch.

Ray and his mother were working over her. Glenna's eyes were back—you could see nothing but the whites—and there was a big red blot on the front of her shirtwaist. "Phone an ambu-

lance, Mamma!" Ray shouted. "Phone Doc Stutzler!" He turned around and caught sight of Webb among the kids gawping from the gutter and dashed down from the porch. People were commencing to spill into the street from the neighboring semi-detacheds.

"Will you get him outa here?" Ray shouted, pointing at Webb. He saw the kids with their gloves and some with bats, Monty with his mask and the old Oilcos mitt, and Damzen still clutching the virgin ball. "Take him to the game!" Ray shouted. He clawed in his pants pocket and pulled out a dollar bill and some silver. "Let him play!" he shouted. "Here!" He seized Monty by the wrist and put the money in his hand and shut the fingers over it. "Now, go on!" he shouted, turning Webb and Monty around and pushing them. "Hurry up! Get going! Screw!" He shoved more kids off through the front rank of the growing crowd, then ran back to the porch. "She's cooked, she's cooked," they heard Meisel, the saloon-



"... and then for three years before enlisting I worked for the A.&P. Why?"

keeper, say as they started with Webb toward the bus stop.

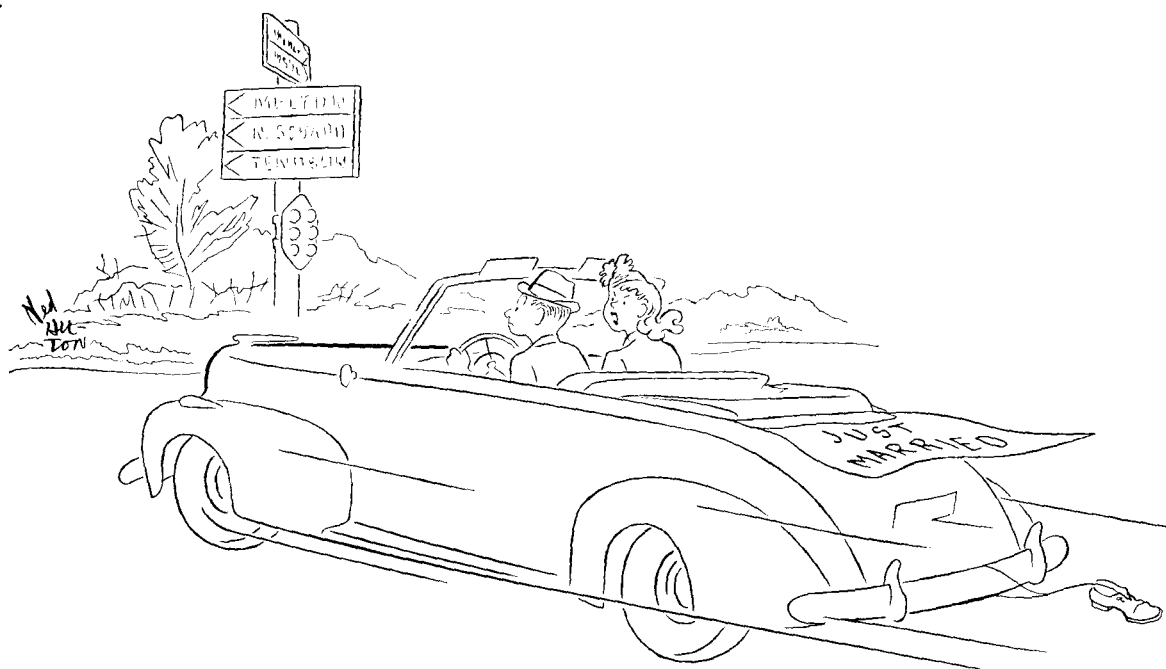
SO many things happen to kids and so fast that most of them keep forgetting what happened more than five minutes before—at least, a kid will rarely stay on one emotion a whole hour or a whole day the way a grown person will—and this is probably why, in remembrance, childhood seems the happiest part of your whole life. Anyhow, it was the start of the last half of the sixth inning out in Harker Park, and Webb Walters had become a hero.

Not because his brother-in-law had shot his sister and then shot himself. This had been forgotten. Well, perhaps not completely. There was some work being done on a road which ran along the right side of the diamond, and a dump truck, moving up and down it, was apparently having carburetor trouble; every time there was a backfire, the Cherry Street kids would shoot a look. But these reactions were subconscious. No, the reason Webb had become a hero was because the Tigers were leading the Young Americans 1-0, and he had scored the only run.

Oh, there had been nothing Merriwell about it. Leading off for the Tigers at the start of the sixth, he was hit on the crazybone by the first pitched ball and took his base. Hank McGrath, the Young Americans' pitcher, who had a lot of stuff that day, bore down and fanned the next two Tigers, but then Damzen came up, jiggled, found one he liked, and pasted it for a triple, scoring Webb. McGrath made the next Tiger pop for an easy out to the short-stop, leaving Damzen stranded. A run is a run, however, and they almost hammered a hump on Webb's back.

For the Tigers, Len Roof was itching his usual Bob Feller game. In the last of the sixth he walked the first three Young Americans, filling the bases, then steadied and struck out the next two. The last man up hit a high floater to right.

It was so easy a girl could have got it with her bare hands, and out in



"Not so fast! Watch where you're going! Look out for that crossroad! Don't keep your foot on the clutch!"

centre Damzen started to pull off his glove. Then he saw something which made him tear for right field as hard as he could tear; it was the silly way Webb had his arms stretched up and his expression, as though he were being squirted in the face with water. He couldn't have caught that cinch of a floater with an acrobat net. Damzen arrived just in time to crash against Watt Watterson, the Tigers' fat first baseman, who had also got a look at Webb.

An incredible, a petrifying thing happened. The Official National League ball hit Webb on the head, bounced several yards in the air, and landed in the bed of the passing dump truck, which sped down the road and out of the park, hell-bent for the turnpike into the city. Both teams stared after it until it had disappeared, then the Young Americans woke with a start and scored

four runs. Nobody had another ball, so the game was over.

Monty McGanley came out to right field still wearing the Oilcos mitt. He was weeping with fury. He drew his right fist back to sock Webb, but Damzen sprang forward and shoved Monty's shoulder hard, knocking him sprawling.

"Give him his glove," Damzen said, and snatched it off Monty's hand. "Give him that money, too," he said, and stepped a pace closer. Still on the ground, Monty pulled the money out of his pocket and flung it. Damzen picked up the dollar bill first, and nobody from either team tried to step on any of the coins. When he had got them all, Damzen put the money on the mitt and handed it to Webb.

"Come on, boy, let's go home," he said. "We'll go to my house."

—JOEL SAYRE

TO A MATHEMATICIAN

Whether our messengers be angels or angles,
only intangibles at last are true.

I cannot climb up by your stairs of number
to truth. I use the flight of words, my symbols,
and at the top I think we both must find
what needs no abstract to be understood:
the look of love. And if you have not learned
what love means, then you cannot understand
what I mean either. You have infinity
and I have love. Trust me: they are the same.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

A LIDDLE ON THE DRUG-ATTIC SIDE

IT was a large cocktail party—large and typical—with the usual Hollywood people present. Glass in hand, I wandered from room to room looking for a comfortable group to which I could attach myself and suddenly I caught sight of little Benny Greenspan standing near a door leading to the garden.

A waiter was holding a large tray of canapés in front of him. After a moment Benny pointed to a triangle of white bread on which a dark substance was spread. "Waddeya call that there?" he asked the waiter.

"Anchovy paste. Very tasty."

Benny picked it from the tray, put it in his mouth, then made a face. "Paste is right," he said. "Oney it ain't anchovy. It's liberry. I can get tastier stuff by lickin' the back of some envelope." He dismissed the waiter with a wave of his hand, turned, and saw me. "Hiya, Artie?" he said. "When did you come in?"

"A little while ago," I said. "This is a surprise, Benny. I didn't expect to find you here."

"It's a democratic country, ain't it? That means I got a right to know the same type clucks like you. Boy, what a collection of umbrella heads they got here today!" Benny grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the garden. "Come on, Artie," he said. "Let's sid-down someplace where it gives out nice and quiet."

As we seated ourselves on a wrought-iron bench near the swimming pool, I studied Benny's face. "You don't seem to like this atmosphere," I said.

"You must have a touch gypsy blood in your bones, Artie, the way you catch wise to things. I hate these pardies! Awways the same type food and liquor. But what really gets me are the people. Awways the same element—you know, typical types, the whole bunch of them!"

"Then why do you go to these things?" I asked.

"Why do I go, he asts me yet!" Benny looked at me for a moment, shaking his head in disgust. "I go because I hafta. I go because I gotta proteck my clients. If it happens they show up, they shouldn't get stole on me."

I stared at him, puzzled. "I don't understand," I said.

"I useta stay away fomm these affairs," he went on. "I figgered it wasn't worth it. Then one fine day I look aroun' and, lo and behold, Artie, my clients are suddenly disappearin' on me, one by one. 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'I don't like what's goin' on aroun' here, do you?' I size up the situation and then alluva sudden I find out the needle in the woodpile. It's the other flesh peddlers.

"They been goin' to all these pardies and they start lookin' aroun' to see which people got enough drinks underneath their belts so they are *non compass mentis* up here in the grain-matter department." He tapped his forehead with his index finger. "So when they spots, let's say, one of my clients, right away they nosey up to him and they starts puttin' me on the pan. 'That Benny Greenspan, he's strickly a phony,' they say. 'Now what you oughta do is to grab him by the nap of his neck and brush him off, once over lightly.' In other words, Artie, they been underminin' me behind my back so that my clients come rushin' to my awfice the next day, they want I should abrogate their contracks and give them a release so they could go with this here other agent, he's got a deal cookin' over at some studio or other. You hear? Finey I says to myself one day, 'Fomm now on, Benny, you gotta go to these affairs irregardless whether you enjoy same or not.'

"So that's why I'm present today and accounted for. In other words, Artie, in the half-hour or so I been at this here particular cocktail party, I awready approached a star and she promised to come to my awfice sometime doong the week regardin' ways and means of dustin' off her agent. A regella sleepy time down South, the agent. I also contacted a certain producer who's here apropos a smart comedy idear one of my boys just dreamed up, a Noel Coward story oney with a very gutsy plot. Whatsa matter, Artie?" he suddenly asked, noticing my expression. "You don't approve?"

I shook my head.

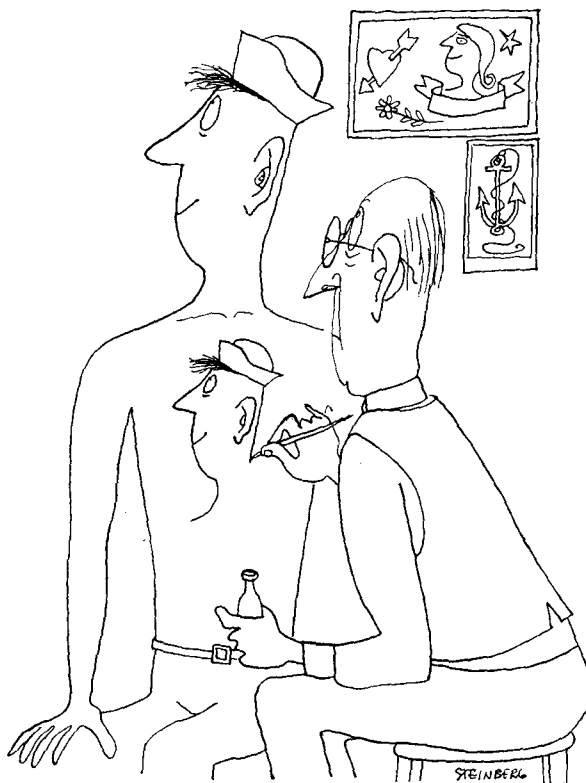
"Listen, my friend," Benny went on, "in this agency game you gotta fight fire with fire or else your life ain't worth the paper it's written on. Besides, I'm not chisellin' on these fellas. Why, halfa them don't deserve to be representin' moom-pickcha artists in the first place. Here, lemme tell you. Finstance, there's a certain writer—maybe you know her, Doris Carlin, a dame? You acquainted, perhaps, with Doris Carlin?"

"No, I'm not," I said.

"A highly cultivated girl, Doris, with a simply movvellous head on her shoulders. Been through a couple collitches. A first-class grammarian, Doris, and when it comes to langwiches, mention any foreign-type langwich and it's right down her alley. No kiddin'. You take, finstance, Latin. Now, that's a real toughie, Latin, and yet Doris, she knocks it off just like a regella native.

"Anyways, I'm at one of these cocktail affairs a couple months ago and I'm polishin' off the liquor and developin' some nice ulcers fa myself when alluva sudden I hear this highly cultivated dame with this very tony accent to her verce. So right away I make some inquiries who she is, and this party I'm standin' next to, he tells me her name—Doris Carlin. 'Oh, yes, Dor Carlin,' I says, like I heard of her before. 'A very familiar name but I happen not to be able to place it.' 'Oh, she's th novelist,' this party tells me. 'She's knocked off two-thr novels and her last book, it's such a terrific success Regal Pickch brought her out here on a co track. That's where she's w now, Regal Pickchas,' this outside party tells me.

"So I keep Hooverin' arou Miss Carlin and finey I see sh



not occupied excep' she's powderin' her schnoz. So I nosey up to her and I innaduce myself, Benny Greenspan, and I tell her hommuch I enjoy her books and I'm so happy she's out here in Hollywood and she oughta be a terrific success, a person with her talent, and, by the way, who is representin' her? You know, very tackful. So she tells me who—some jerk with an agency business, it's strickly fomm hunger, but strickly! She tells me she'll be glad when she's consummated her contrack because the studio turned down ev-veything she wrote and she's very anxious to get back home and, if I want her frank opinion, the industry stinks on ice. Oney she's too refined to say stinks. She just says it smells.



"It seems to have gone downhill terribly—last summer they always put a teaspoonful of sherry in the consommé."

"'Parm me, Miss Carlin,' I says to her, 'but I'm agasp to hear you knockin' this place. Now, I hold no grief fa Hollywood, but I'm sure if you were intimately acquainted with this industry you would be doin' it a great justice instead a pannin' the place and doin' it a great injustice,' I says. 'Now, I don't blame you fa feelin' the way you do. And I don't blame the studio or the executives either, because mosta the time their hands are engrossed in a million one matters. The person who's to blame fa the entire situation is your agent. Frankly, Miss Carlin,' I says, 'I personally think he knows fomm nothin', much less how to handle you. You are an artist, not oney fomm your books but fomm the way you express yesself, very fluidly. I think an artist is one type individual whereby it's imperative you gotta handle them with kid gloves on. Please,' I says to her, 'you gotta promise me one thing. Before you are ready to depart Hollywood fa good, you gotta communicate with me via the phone or in person, because I wanna explain things so you shouldn't go away feelin' mad. I think a person of your high mental calibra oughta get all the facks

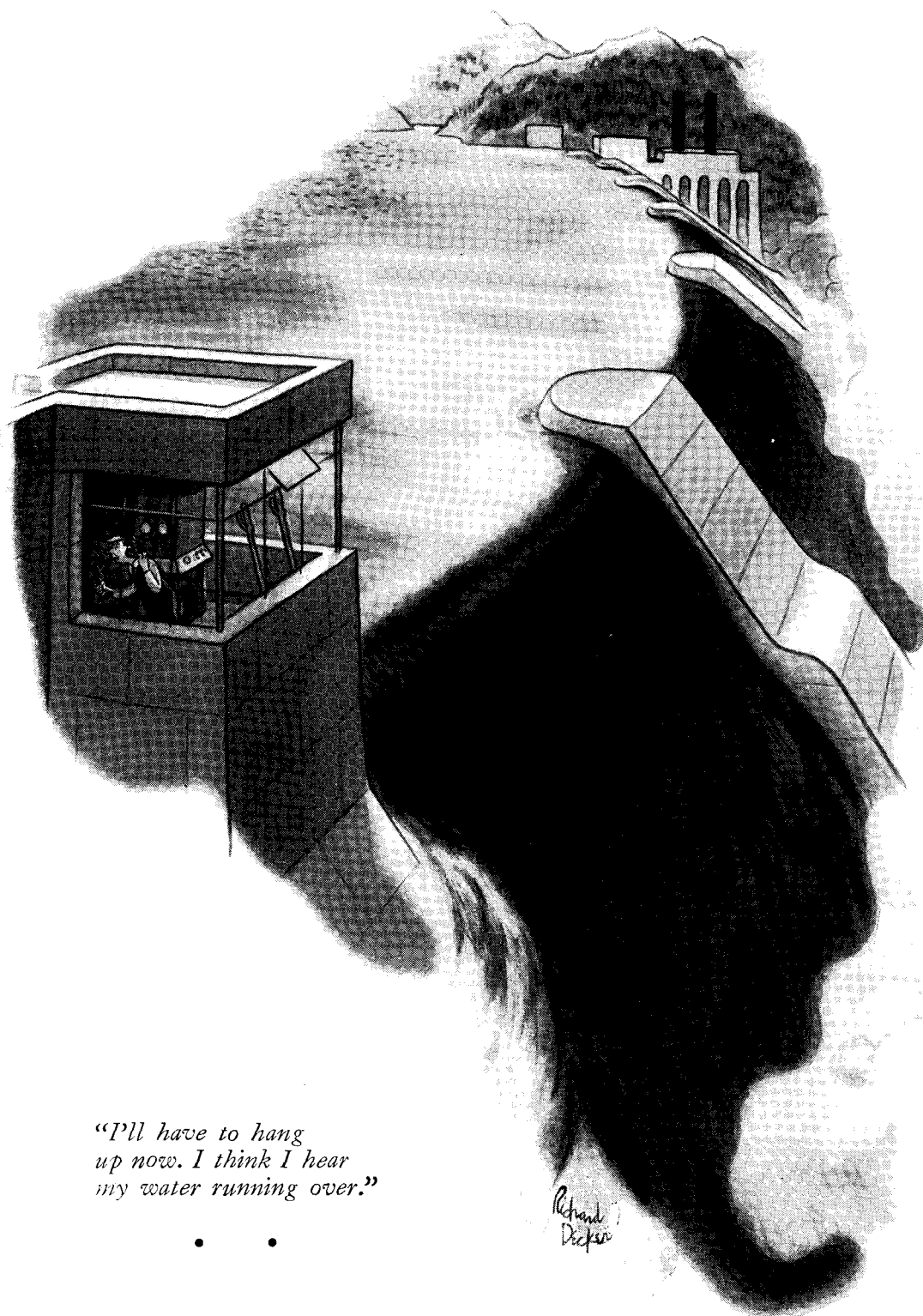
straight before she brushes off this town.' So I give her my card and she promises she's gonna gimme a buzz.

"WELL, sir, the subject fomm Miss Doris Carlin completely excaped my mind till finy one day I'm at the Derby nipplin' away on a delicious plate chicken char mein when, lo and behold, who should come breezin' in excep' Miss Carlin. So I wait till I knock off my meal, then I go over to her table and I ast her how she is gettin' on, O.K.? So she shrunk her shoulders and smiled and she says she's flyin' back East in a couple days and she is givin' Hollywood back to the Indians. You hear?

"'Now look, Miss Carlin,' I says to her, 'if you will spare me not much, just two minutes fomm your time, I am sure I can inarrest you in a certain proposition whereby you'll stick aroun' here instead you should go back home in a high dungeon feelin' that this industry got you licked. To my way of thinkin' you

are pure and simply the victim of a bad agent and nothin' else. So why not drop in my awfice and see how a good agent functions fa a change?' Artie, she sits there and all she says is nothin'—just sits there lookin' at me like perhaps I'm crazy.

"The next day comes aroun' and I'm at my desk with my nose stuck in a copy of the *Reporter* when the door opens and Gussie comes in and says there's a certain pardy outside, a Miss Carlin, who claims she's got an appermtment with me. 'Wait a minute, Gussie,' I says. 'Don't show her in yet.' So there I am, wonderin' what I'm gonna say to this dame, and I'm doin' some fast thinkin' oney my mind just ain't co-operatin' on me, when alluva sudden I look down and I see there's a liddle story in the *Reporter* how Herbie Morrison, the producer, is back at his desk after bein' laid up a couple weeks. Then right away it comes to me, the big idear. Listen, do you, by any chance, happen to



*"I'll have to hang
up now. I think I hear
my water running over."*

he personally acquainted with Herbie Morrison?"

"Yes," I said. "I know Herbie. A nice guy."

"Oh, a very high type gentleman with brains galore, oney he's a liddle on the drug-attic side."

"You don't mean he's actually a drug addict?" I asked.

"Oh, certaineey," said Benny. "All the time he's takin' pills and powders and whatnot. He's like—waddeya call them yak guys? You know, they feel

simply fine when they think they're sick. Yak somethin' you call them."

I thought for a moment and then said, somewhat doubtfully, "You're not thinking of hypochondriac?"

"Yeah, that's it!" he exclaimed. "Herbie's awways feedin' hisself aspirin or bromos or, if not, it's bicarbs. Anyways, I tell Gussie to get me him on the phone. 'Hello, Herbie,' I says to him, 'the reason I'm callin' you up is to get some advice about doctors, bein' that you're the specialist when it comes to

the medical line. I got a client, a very famous writer, maybe you know her stuff, Doris Carlin? Anyways,' I says, 'she's here in town and she's got like an internal condition and she asts me my reaction about a medical man—you know, a doctor—and nachelly I told her I'll give you a buzz and find out the best.' Right away Herbie says he's got the best diagnoctician in town, his own doctor. So I says, 'Yeah, he certaineey is the tops in the medical field. Listen, Herbie,' I says, 'you mind if you have a brief confrince with Doris to give her your view-pernt regardin' her physical setup? A girl with her internal condition,' I says, 'she libel to wind up in the hands fomm some phony quackpot, then God knows what'll happen.' 'Not at all, Benny,' he says, a perfeck liddle gentleman. 'Send her over.'

"So when Doris Carlin comes in my awfice I give her a fast sales talk how I got her pradically set over at Monarch Studios to work fa one of the best producers in the industry, Herbie Morrison. 'The oney thing, Doris,' I says, 'I wanna warn you Herbie happens to be just a bit wacky in the head when it comes to the subjeck fomm medicine. Evvey person who comes in his awfice they gotta be the scrapegoat to listen to a routine he

gives out about doctors. He's gonna talk you deaf, black, and blue about doctors. All you gotta do is shake your head and say, "Yes, yes, of course" and "Sure, sure, nachelly." Just make believe like you are takin' it all in and you are gonna folly his advice.' 'But what's this all about?' she asts me. 'I don't get it.' 'It's the way Herbie works—a liddle on the cuckoo side. Listen, Doris,' I says, 'what's the diffrince suppose he's a liddle bats up there in his belfry so long you get the job? Just see the man

and make believe like you are very interested in evveything he is sayin', then port back here to me."

"So?" I said.

"So she sees Herbie and then she reports back here to me. The guy, she says, he's definitely fomm another world entirely. He never said a single word fomm a job or what has she done before in the writin' line. All he spoke about, she says, is what a simply movvellous doctor he got and she must see him right away. So he marks down the doctor's name and address on a piece paper and gives it to her. 'I don't folly how you people function in this town,' she says. 'It don't make sense. Personally, I'm takin' the next plane East.' 'Please, Doris,' I says, 'you took my advice so far, why not take it a liddle bit further? Listen,' I says, 'if I don't get you a job in twenny-four hours, then you can blow. Will you gimme the courtesy of just twenny-four hours?' 'O.K.," she says. She'll gimme that courtesy but no more.

"So right away I phone Herbie and I thank him very much. 'Gee, Herbie,' I says, 'it's too bad Doris can't adapt your suggestion about the doctor, but it so happens she's flyin' back East to finish a best-seller she's been workin' on. Frankly, Herbie,' I says, 'the dame is strapped fa dough. Between you, I, and the landpost, I told her I'd pay the doctor bills, but she said no, she got too much pride.' 'My God,' Herbie says, 'if the girl is sick and she needs medical attention, it's a crime to let her fly back East, she should neglect herself with overwork.' 'Yep,' I says, 'it sure is a crime. A talented, first-class, highly cultivated writer like she, with a couple looks out, and yet she won't take no financial favors.' Then, Artie, it comes just like I expected. 'Listen, Benny,' Herbie says, 'I got a scrip' here in my awfice, it needs some brush-in' up. You think that girl would be inarrested in doin' a quick pol-ishin' job?' 'Herbie,' I says, 'hold evveything. I'll be right over where we can discuss the matter in person.'

"WELL, to make a long story short," Benny said, "I got Doris Carlin set over at Monarch Studios on a four-week guarantee at a hundrit bucks more than she got at Regal. Hozzat fa fast work?"

"Benny, you're a ball of fire," I said. "I'll bet Miss Carlin thinks you're a wonderful agent."

Benny looked pained and shook his head. "That dame!" he said in a voice heavy with disgust. "She ain't got a single ounce of gratitude in her whole makeup fomm top to bottom. Frankly, Artie, she is very mad at me. Can you imagine!"

"I don't understand," I said. "What's she sore about?"

"Well, when she went to work fa Herbie nachelly he kep' after her she should go see his doctor about her condition. Finery she called me up. 'Now looka here,' she says, 'enough's enough. Will you kindly tell Mr. Morrison he should stop pesterin' me about my condition? My condition is simply lovely and I don't need no doctors.' So I says to her, 'Look, Doris, of course you don't need no doctors. But why not humor the guy a liddle bit? Go see his doctor, get an examination, and when the doctor sees what a perfect specimen fomm womanhood you are, he will say you are O.K. and Herbie will think, my, what a movvellous medical man he's got, look how quick he fixed you up, so he's gonna stop pesterin' you.'

"Well, Artie, a week goes by and Doris comes breezin' in my awfice. She quit the job! You hear? She waves a plane ticket in my face and she's definitely goin' back East. 'Doris,' I says, 'what's up?' 'I'll tell you what's up,' she says. 'I finery took your advice, went to this doctor, and he gimme a thorough examination with a basic-metalism test and whatnot, and he finds a million one things wrong with me, and he wants I should go to the hospital right away quick and get operated on. Listen,' she says, she's so ragin' mad, 'I come to this lousy town feelin' perfectly O.K. Now I'm goin' back home and I'm gonna have my personal family doctor look me over, and if I gotta have an opera-

tion, I'm gonna blame the whole thing on you. A fine mess you got me into, watchin' how you function!'

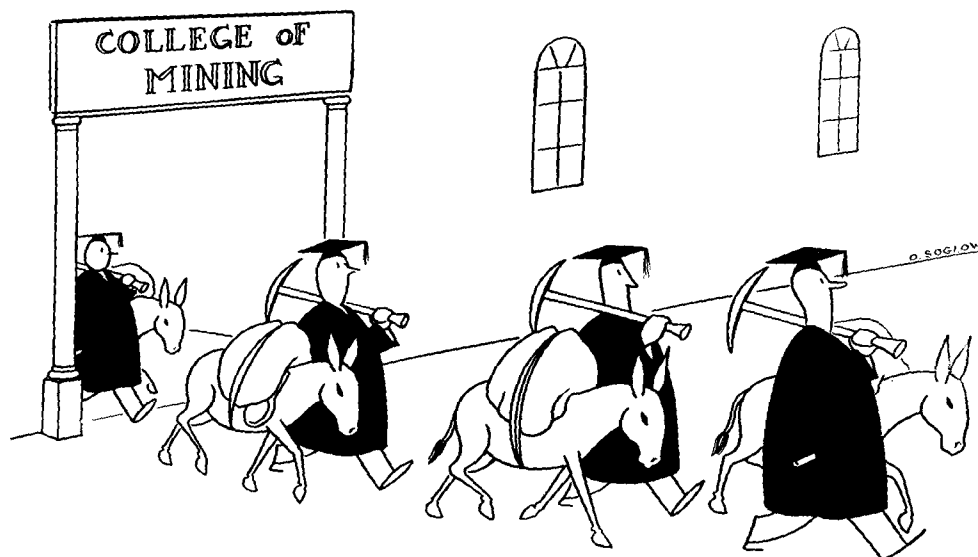
"'Doris,' I says to her, 'now calm down and don't be a dope. They are draftin' a lotta writers nowadays fa the Army and Navy, there's gonna be a big shortage fomm writers. Women writers are gonna be worth their weighth in gold very soon. So why not reserve a nice airy room in the hospital and have the operation here in Hollywood—' That's as far as I got. She slams the door in my puss and the next thing I know she's in a plane goin' East."

Benny sighed. Then his glance fell on a group of people who had just come into the garden. He bounced off the bench, straightened his coat, and once more assumed a breezy manner. "Excuse me, Artie," he said excitedly. "There's Jed Collins, the singer. I hear his option ain't bein' picked up, so here's my chance." He tugged at his tie and adjusted its folds. "Hang aroun', Artie, if you wanna see how a good agent functions."

—ARTHUR KOBER

A private garage may be a stimulus either to drive-a-car-in or to drive-a-car-out, depending on the context supplied by the position of the car—the whether-or-not-ness that the car is in the garage or is out of the garage. Related signs are the presence and position of the garage door. If the car is out of the garage and the garage door is open, the garage is a stimulus-to-drive-a-car-in, but it is usual for the meaning of the situation to be altered when the garage door is closed. In such situations, failure to obtain the appropriate meaning from the related signs or from the patterning and arrangement of the stimuli in the total situation is unfortunate.—H. F. Harlow in "Studies in Personality."

Unfortunate, hell—it's inexcusable.





"Mrs. Choate's just fine, thank you. How's Mrs. Delano?"

PROFILES

THE OMNIBUS DIPLOMAT-II

ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE, JR., the one-man diplomatic corps who serves in London as United States Ambassador to Poland, Belgium, Norway, and the Netherlands and as minister to Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Luxembourg, and Greece, began his diplomatic career in a modest way by being appointed merely Minister to Norway on July 15, 1935. Until his appointment the American public had never particularly thought of him as diplomatic material, but neither had it thought that way about hundreds of earlier appointees in both Republican and Democratic administrations. Biddle had made speeches supporting George H. Earle in Philadelphia during Earle's race for Governor in 1934, and he and Mrs. Biddle, a lady who inherited a large fortune from her father, Colonel William Boyce Thompson, a Montana mining man, had contributed \$25,000 to Earle's campaign fund, in addition to \$30,000 to the Democratic campaign in 1932. This assistance to Earle, coupled with the fact that Biddle had enough money to maintain an envoy's position on an envoy's salary, made him eminently eligible for the post. Most of the Biddles' friends were astonished that they should want to spend several years in a place as dull as Norway. Biddle had shown indications of serious-mindedness before this, however. During 1932 and 1933, following his second marriage, he had travelled through Europe meeting police chiefs and compiling for J. Edgar Hoover a confidential report on the practices of Continental secret-police forces. Hoover has told friends that he thinks highly of it. While gathering his information, Biddle found time to shoot wild boar in a forest near Fontainebleau which he leased for one season and chamois on a preserve in the Austrian Alps which he leased a bit later, and also to take part in a series of international court-tennis matches between French, British, and American teams. In 1934 he won the French championship at singles. All these activities helped prepare him for a diplomatic career, Biddle feels now, because through playing court tennis he got to know a lot of Frenchmen and Englishmen, and through hunting chamois he got to know a lot of Austrians and also the late King Alfonso, who shot some chamois as his guest.

Norway in 1935 did not seem a particularly appropriate setting for a diplomat with a chamois-shooting background. A Labor government headed by Johan Nygaardsvold had just come into power and it regarded capitalists with distrust. Biddle had the disadvantage not only of being a capitalist but of looking as much like one as any man in the United States. The members of the Norwegian government were so eager to prove their sturdy proletarian qualities that they even made King Haakon pay for his tickets to the State Theatre. (Relations between the government and the Royal Family have since improved; when the exiled King now enters the Norwegian Club in London, somebody usually gets up to give him a chair.) The Biddles, however, showed an instinct for diplomacy from the first. Mrs. Biddle left her collection of emeralds, supposedly the finest in the world, and her girdle of diamonds in a bank vault in New York. The Minister, instead of complaining about the lack of court-tennis facilities in Norway (before the war there were a total of six courts in the United States, five in France, and nine in England), democratically beat all the members of the government and all the other members of the diplomatic corps at ordinary lawn tennis.

Mrs. Biddle made the first really successful approach to Nygaardsvold when she sat next to him at dinner and said artlessly, "I hear you spent several years in America, Your Excellency." Nygaardsvold, stern, suspicious, and angry at being called Excellency, said, "Not in a part of America that you would know anything about, I am afraid, Mrs. Biddle." She asked where that was, and he said, "Helena, Montana. I was working in a railroad construction gang." "I was born in Helena, Montana," said Mrs. Biddle. Nygaardsvold was reassured at learning that she was not from Palm Beach or Newport or Hollywood. He could not conceive of anyone from Helena, Montana, being one of the idle rich. The Nygaardsvold government has held office ever since, in Norway and in exile, and Mrs. Biddle and the Prime Minister are still good friends.

Biddle publicly demonstrated his cordial relations with the Labor Party by what he insists was chance. A Labor pa-



Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr.

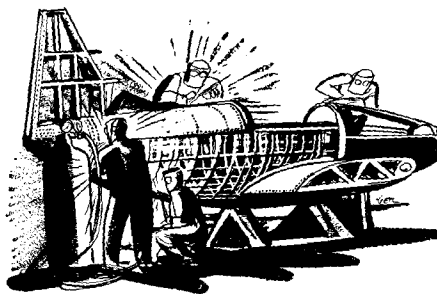
rade was taking place on the principal avenue of Oslo one day. Biddle had lunched in the centre of the city and had an early-afternoon appointment at the Legation, a couple of miles away. Because of the parade there was no way of getting an automobile through the intervening streets. "What was I to do, old sport?" Biddle asks when he recalls the circumstances. "I got out in the middle of the street and joined the parade." A red banner happened to be passing when he made his decision. He grabbed one of the cords that trailed from it and marched along, holding it, until he came to the Embassy, where he tipped his hat and turned off. "The German Minister was furious, old sport," Biddle says. "He said I was playing internal politics." The Biddles' relations with Haakon were good from the first. He used to like to walk over to their house after dinner for a cup of coffee. Before such a visit he would usually call up, and the first time the Biddle butler asked who it was and the King said, "Haakon," the butler told the King to quit kidding. The King thought it was funny.

In 1935 Norwegians already were sure there would be a war, but they were also sure that they would be able to stay out of it. At the same time the Germans were trying to effect a "cultural penetration" of Norway, not only by pandering to the vanity of writers like Knut Hamsun and Johan Bojer but by offering to sponsor free tours of German concert artists in Norway. The Norwegian concert halls wouldn't have them even gratis, so the Germans

brought pressure on importers who did business with the Reich to present them at home musicales. German cruise ships penetrated the fiords and followed the coastline as far as the North Cape every summer, and it was common knowledge that the Naval Reserve officers staffing these vessels were constantly making hydrographic charts. Biddle's reports from Norway to Washington were so good that they astonished State Department professionals, who on the whole had underrated him. He did not learn everything at once; when he returned to America in the summer of 1936 for his first vacation, he told reporters that the British withdrawal of sanctions against Italy was a fine thing and that "the more realistic trend of European politics holds a hope for peace." But by the following spring, when he was appointed Ambassador to Poland, he knew that the hope was slim. In Warsaw he replaced John Cudahy, who became Minister to the Irish Free State and later Ambassador to Belgium. Four years later Biddle was to become Ambassador to Belgium, again replacing Cudahy. When the Biddles were leaving Oslo for the last time, King Haakon, all the members of the Labor government, most of the members of the Norwegian Parliament, and all the taxi-drivers of Oslo came to the railroad station to see them off. The taxi-drivers said that nobody else in Oslo gave tips.

THERE was little in common between the Nygaardsvold regime and the "government of colonels," dominated by Colonel Josef Beck, which administered Poland in 1937. Poland, as a young attaché of the embassy in Washington once said, was "a democracy, but without popular representation." The Beck government could not be accused of a Fascist ideology, because it had no ideas at all. In Warsaw, as in Oslo, Biddle was told that war was inevitable, but the Poles, unlike the Norwegians, had no hope of keeping out of it. For them the only question was whether Germany or Russia would attack them first. Having less immediate fear of Russia, Beck, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, tried to conciliate Germany. This was known in those days as being realistic. When, after the autumn of 1938, he felt that conciliation was useless, he tried to get the best guarantees he could from the Western powers. The change came too late to do any good, but Mrs. Biddle, who is not bound by the same protocolary reticence as her husband, still thinks highly of

Colonel Beck, now a German prisoner. The Polish government in exile is composed largely of relative liberals who were out of favor with Beck. They usually refer to him without much admiration. At one London dinner Mrs. Biddle, however, defended Beck to General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the present Prime Minister. "If you lost power,



you wouldn't want me to turn against you, would you?" she asked Sikorski, who still did not seem completely convinced.

Biddle had made friends in Norway by being unassuming and athletic. In Poland he could return to his Broadway rôle of a fast man with a check-book without fear of alienating popular sympathy. Beck himself was the Biddles' landlord, the United States having rented his residence in Warsaw as our Embassy. It was an eighteenth-century palace in which Napoleon had once lived; to make it more homey, Mrs. Biddle hired an interior decorator to come from Paris and install paintings and furnishings from a house she owned on the Rue des Saints-Pères. Later, after the Embassy had been

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

Summer is icumen in,
Sound the sirens, light the torches,
Warn the roses to begin
Climbing up suburban porches.
Let the laurel run like fire
Over all the upland reaches
(But be wary of the wire,
Barbed and bright, along the beaches).

Hark! The blithe, the morning bird,
Early singing, stirs our slumber
Where the young man, undefered,
Waits upon his legal number.
Now the wren's unmortgaged nest
Hugs our hospitable acre,
And the ski pole takes its rest
With the rationed Studebaker.

Now the sails of summer fill,
Now the waves are all a-glimmer,
Though attentive at his drill
Stands the lean and sunburnt swimmer.
Now the lilies swoon with sun,
Now the cricket pipes the shadows
(And the anti-aircraft gun
Crouches in astonished meadows).

Here is June. So let the ice
Tinkle in unsweetened glasses.
Fling the immemorial rice.
Strew the picnic on the grasses.
Tell the chattering mind to hush
For one soft, deceptive hour
While the berry fires the bush
And the bee invades the flower,

Till in lupine-colored light
Dusk dissolves, the stars are certain,
And the aromatic night
Leans against the blackout curtain.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"You know what? I'm studying Spanish."

bombed by the Germans, Senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania introduced into Congress a bill to pay the Biddles \$243,361 for their lost furnishings. The claim, with a number of others by Americans abroad, has been pigeonholed until the end of the war. Using his own money, the Ambassador also engaged a villa eight miles outside Warsaw as a summer embassy and rented Pomorzany, the enormous estate of Count Jerzy Potocki, then Polish Ambassador to the United States, as a country residence. Pomorzany was near the city of Zborów, in southeastern Poland, remote from Warsaw. "It's the best way to know the people, old sport," the Ambassador says now. "You can't understand the peasants unless you get out into the country." Mrs. Biddle and he used to ride about the rough roads near Pomorzany on motorcycles, and he says the knowledge of geography they picked up helped them later when they were escaping from the Germans by automobile. In his effort to become acclimatized, the Ambassador even learned a set speech in Polish, suitable for after-dinner presentation.

Theodore and Peggy Schulze, Mrs. Biddle's son and daughter by her first marriage, both then in their late teens, used to visit the Ambassadorial house-

hold during their school holidays, and Peggy, during one of these visits, became engaged to Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, a member of the Polish branch of that ubiquitous family, which before the war was scattered all over Europe like Howard Johnson restaurants in America. Peggy was staying with her mother and stepfather at the summer Embassy when, at five o'clock on the morning of September 1, 1939, the first German planes made their presence manifest over Poland. A telephone call from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs informed Biddle of what had happened. He scrambled into his clothes, got out one of the Embassy cars, and drove toward the centre of the city to see how people were reacting. The American correspondents, who had been helping to crowd the Warsaw hotels while they waited for precisely this to happen, were already astir. One of them remembers seeing Biddle speeding into town in the early morning. "I knew something historic had happened," the newspaperman says, "because his hair was ruffled." Biddle made for a telephone almost immediately but could not get through to Washington. He did succeed in reaching Ambassador William Bullitt, a fellow-Philadelphian, in Paris. The call was routed through

Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. It was Bullitt's voice, coming over the telephone to the White House at 2:50 A.M. American time that day, which officially apprised the government of the United States that a war was on.

At the same moment in Warsaw, where it was about nine o'clock in the morning, crowds marched untroubled in the streets, singing and shouting "On to Berlin!" Members of the diplomatic corps made their way to the palace of the President, Dr. Ignace Moscicki. A crowd gathered in the street before it, shouting until Moscicki and Beck came out and addressed them from a balcony. Then the crowd shouted for Léon Noël, the French Ambassador, and Sir Howard Kennard, his British colleague. After all had obliged, the people howled "Beedle! Beedle!" The American Ambassador was the most popular member of the diplomatic corps and the Poles assumed that the United States was another ally. Biddle, who, after making his telephone call, had joined the other diplomats at the palace, did not feel that the ambassador of a neutral power had the right to make a war speech, and he didn't know enough Polish to make one had he wished to. But the crowd

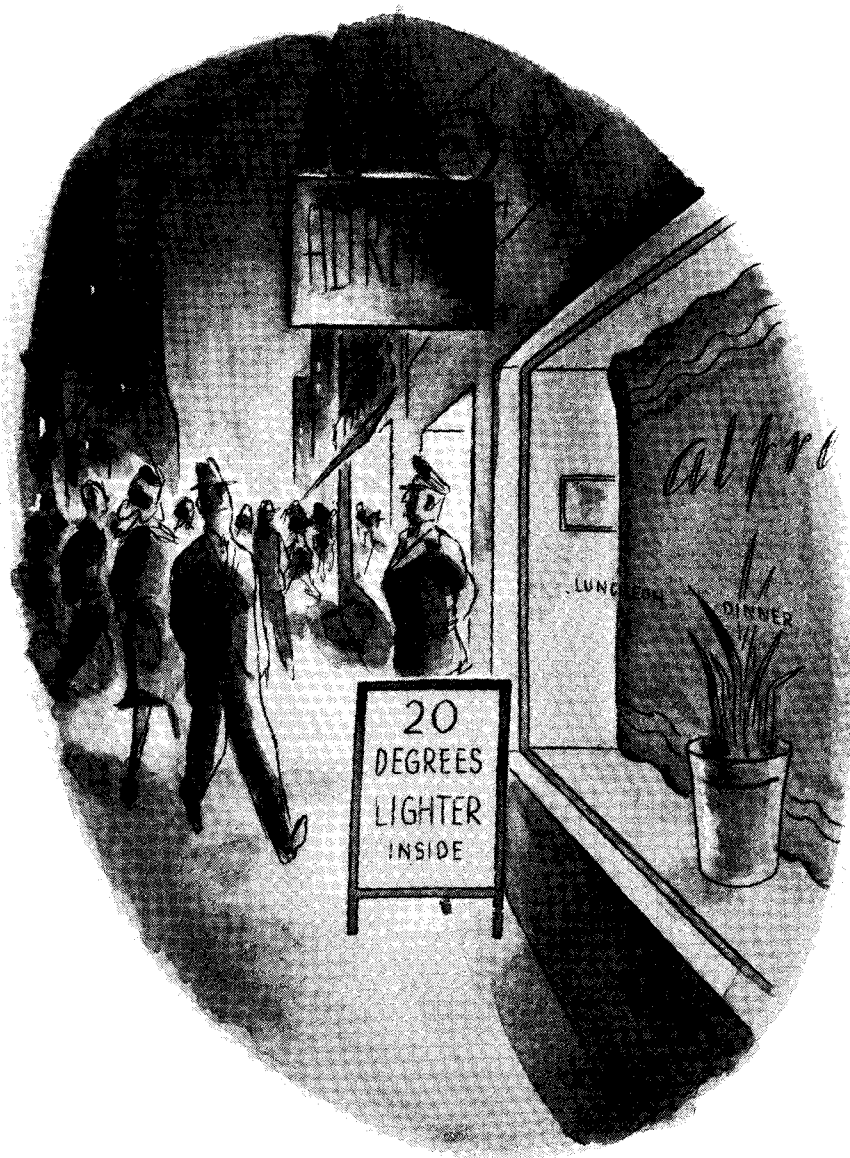
continued to shout "Beedle!" and Edward W. Beattie, a husky United Press correspondent, gave the Ambassador a shove in the small of the back that landed him out on the balcony. Biddle could think of only one thing to do; he clasped his hands high above his head and shook hands with himself in the Madison Square Garden prize-fight manner. The crowd responded with a happy howl.

BEING bombed has by now become a routine part of a diplomat's job, but in September of 1939 it was important news when a bomb dropped in the garden of the Biddles' summer home and another demolished the villa next door. The Biddle bomb did not explode, which was lucky, because the Ambassador, his wife, and her daughter were at home. Shortly afterward the Polish government decided to leave Warsaw and the diplomatic corps was directed to go to a town called Luck. Biddle did

his best to round up all the Americans still in Warsaw; among other things, he went to the house from which one American newspaperman had recently departed and stood in the street shouting his name until he was sure the man wasn't there. He then loaded some luggage and the entire Embassy personnel, including his Polish servants, into eight automobiles, each with a large "U.S.A." marked in white paint on its roof, and started for the new capital. Biddle soon found that the "U.S.A."s served only to attract the attention of German aviators, who machine-gunned the automobiles with a little more than their customary thoroughness. The government's destination was supposed to be secret. When, however, Biddle arrived at the billet assigned to him, he heard the German radio not only announcing that he had just arrived there but giving the street and house number. A day or so later the Biddle group moved on again, to Dubno, and from

there to Krzemieniec. In an effort to throw the Germans off the trail, they left Dubno at sundown to make a night drive. There were not many Embassy chauffeurs to drive the cars, so members of the staff drove some of the machines over the most familiar roads. Each driver was supplied with a list of the towns through which the caravan was to pass; the route had been planned to avoid places the Germans had reached and it more than tripled the distance. Eugenia McQuatters, Biddle's stenographer and the indispensable member of his official household, drove one automobile, with other women members of the staff as passengers. Miss McQuatters drove all night without relief, because none of the others knew how to drive. They talked and shouted continually to keep from dozing at the wheel. Early in the morning, soon after the arrival at Krzemieniec, an orderly sent by the military commandant of the place arrived with word that a message for Ambassador Biddle had been received by the military telegraph. The message said, "I love you, Alec." From the text and signature the Ambassador divined that the message was intended for his stepdaughter and was from Princess Hohenlohe, her fiancé, then serving as a sergeant in the Polish Army. After the Polish phase of the war was over, Hohenlohe told the Biddles in France that he had been near a telegraph instrument while the operator was away, so he had just sat down and tapped out the message. He said he had known the Biddles were at Krzemieniec because he had heard it on the German radio. At Krzemieniec, the Ambassador and his lady slept in a hayloft.

During their zigzag flight across Poland, the Biddles and their party became what were probably the first American experts at diving into roadside ditches when machine-gunned from the air, an art since cultivated by compatriots on roads everywhere from Norway to Australia. The experience gave Biddle a head start over the rest of the State Department in understanding what the war was going to be like. The Embassy party crossed the border into then-neutral Rumania on September 14th. Most of the Polish government had preceded it. From there the Biddles went on to France by way of then-neutral Hungary and Italy. Bullitt greeted Biddle in Paris and arranged a mass interview with the press for September 24th. Biddle got good space, but some of the correspondents reported that he seemed



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"overexcited." French military leaders said that the German offensive in Poland must have been impressive "for a civilian"—or for Poles—but that no such tactics could succeed against a "real" army. General Sikorski, who also arrived in Paris late in September, prepared a long report on the German tactics, which Biddle passed on to Bullitt for presentation to the French government. It was pigeonholed by the French. Bullitt himself remained under the spell of French military literature. He did not catch up to Biddle until June 3, 1940, when the Germans bombarded Paris and a bomb dropped next to him.

THE Polish government was reconstituted in France. Moscicki, who had stayed in Rumania, had resigned in favor of the tall and elegant M. Raczewicz, a former Speaker of the Polish Senate, who had been in Paris at the outbreak of the war. General Sikorski, who had differed with Marshal Smigly-Rydz, the defeated Commander-in-Chief, on almost all military matters, became Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. The United States refused to recognize the German occupation of Poland, so Biddle remained in France as Ambassador to the new government. The Biddles passed that winter and the spring of 1940 at Angers, the tranquil west-of-France city which had been made the provisional capital of Poland. This period was a sort of rest cure. They lived in a Renaissance chateau that had been classified as a *monument historique*, which effectively prevented its owner from installing central heating. The chancellery was set up in a quiet house on a side street; the easiest way to find it was to look for the midwife's sign on the house directly across the way. The staff consisted of Miss McQuatters, a third secretary, and a Polish-language interpreter. The rest-cure period came to an end in May, when the Germans invaded the Low Countries and France. Throughout May and the beginning of June, as they drew closer to Paris, Bullitt said that even if the government left the capital he would remain there, as another American Ambassador, Myron Herrick, had done in 1914, when the Viviani government had removed to Bordeaux. The State Department insisted on having a representative with the French government wherever it went. Biddle

spoke French and he was on the ground, so he was a logical candidate for the assignment. He was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the government of France; in five years he had evolved from a society man playing at diplomacy to the agent of the United States in one of the most tragic and delicate situations in history.

The Reynaud government quit Paris for Tours on June 10th; Biddle followed the next day. Bullitt kept most of his staff in Paris and sent a few of the Embassy personnel to the Château de Candé, near Tours, which he had rented when it appeared likely that the Germans would reach Paris. The Biddles took up their quarters in the village of Villaines, also near Tours. They kept with them the tiny Polish Embassy staff they had had in Angers and a selected detachment of young and vigorous American diplomats from Paris, a kind of mobile squad including a counsellor, an assistant military attaché, and a third secretary. "I knew that we would have to move fast, so there was no use having a lot of people," says Biddle, who had learned from his Polish experience that when a government moves once it is likely to keep on moving. The French government, in point of fact, remained in Tours for four days, during which the Germans crossed the Seine and entered Paris. Most of the minor officials of the government, as well as all the civilians who fled south, had expected Paris to be defended. When it became plain that it would not be defended, a great wave of defeatism



swept Tours. Ministers who had not yet had time to find the Tours addresses of their transported ministries divided their time between reassuring their transported mistresses and attending conferences at

which nobody seemed to have any practical suggestions to make. Biddle kept Washington informed of the progress of the collapse. It was like a play-by-play account of a man falling downstairs. Reynaud himself, who saw clearly what was happening, was beginning to succumb to self-pity. Hélène de Portes, his now-famous mistress, wept continually and urged him to ask terms from the Germans, with whom she had dubious relations.

One man only showed any hope—the long-nosed, stork-legged Brigadier General Charles de Gaulle, Under-Secretary for War, who was in Tours chiefly because the field commanders had re-

fused to have him with them. He twice insulted them, once in 1919 advocating armored divisions, and in 1940, by saying that the German armored divisions were not supernatural and could be beaten. Weygand once ordered de Gaulle put under arrest unless he left the front. Biddle rebuffed de Gaulle as a gaunt watchdog. Reynaud's anteroom, sitting with long legs stretched out before him, his nose and the visor of his kepi, in parallel, pointed at a spot on the wall just in advance of his right big toe. Whenever the advocates of surrender left Reynaud for a minute, de Gaulle would squeeze in and insist that it was the moment to begin a mass assault with the remaining French tanks. Reynaud cried at one point, "de Gaulle has the character of a stubborn pig, but he has character." It was more than he could say for the others around him. The day came when the government abandoned Tours, leaving a trail of impassive Moroccans squatted by their machine guns along the Loire and pretending to ignore their rule of desertion. The Moroccans stayed where they were killed. When the move from Tours to Bordeaux, next stop on the route to Vichy, had been determined upon, Reynaud sent for Biddle and asked him as a possibly last favor to take Mme. de Portes into the Ambassador's automobile and see that she got safely to the second provisional capital. He feared that if she rode in a French car she might be recognized and attacked. "Without her he couldn't have carried on at all, old boy," the Ambassador says now, "so we took her." All the way to Bordeaux she railed against de Gaulle. The Ambassador had left most of the Embassy people at the Château de Candé under the protection of the American flag, which proved sufficient. He kept with him the detachment from Villaines.

BIDDLE describes his function at Bordeaux as "combination night watchman and lifeguard." The first part of the rôle meant keeping an eye on the stricken Republic and advising our government of developments. As the lifeguard, he had to look after the safety of the Americans in Bordeaux and prepare for their evacuation from France. Continental France was lost, but there was still a chance that Reynaud would be able to take the government to Africa to continue the war. Biddle tried his best to support Reynaud's prestige by extra-official means. He managed to be seen often in Rey-

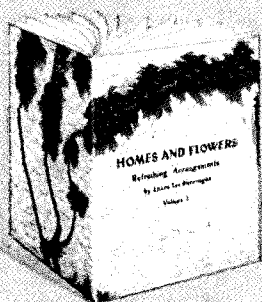
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then on, it's everybody's chance to make their party the most fun and the most attractive. In our picture, the refreshment theme was played upon all the way . . . in the use of ice for decoration, for the food, and to keep the bottles of 'Coca-Cola' ice-cold".

Laura Lee Burroughs

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's company, or on the way to the tier's quarters, or returning from , as if he were conveying some ble offer from Washington. He however, under the handicap, com- to all American diplomats then, of being able to offer anything more fying than good wishes. When ad- ed to the Premier's presence, Biddle d say only, "*Bon jour, mon pauvre v.*" Reynaud would say, "*Bon .*" Then they would sit in the office ther for ten minutes so that peo- in the anteroom would think they e discussing something, and after t Biddle would return to the Unit- States Consulate, which he was using temporary embassy.

Biddle, when he arrived at the Con- te in Bordeaux, had found the vesti- e and entrance hall crowded with nericans of both sexes, mostly well- do, middle-aged, and nervous, who d been living in places like Biarritz d St.-Jean-de-Luz and Arcachon and w wanted exit visas and steamer res- vations immediately. A wide stairway l from the hall to the consular offices the second floor, and this stairway as jammed with people. The Amba- dor, wearing his customary expression a man eager to be friendly with every- dy, got as far as the stairway, but hen he tried to make his way on o a number of indignant compatriots ked him who he thought he was. "If had said I was the Ambassador to oland, they wouldn't have believed me nyway, old sport," he says now. "But ickily the steps projected for a cou- le of inches outside the banister, so I limbed up that way, kind of a human y. When I got to the top, I hopped ver."

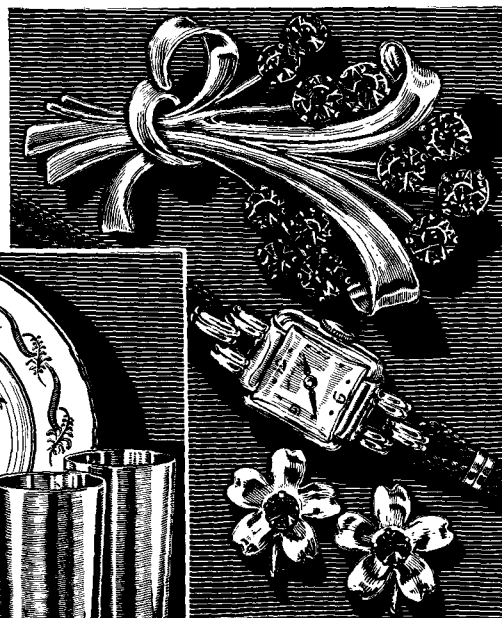
Day after day the exhausted piano layer from Harry's New York Bar in Paris slept at a table on the *terrasse* of t Bordeaux café, his head cradled in his rms. He typified the hundreds of Americans in the overcrowded city. Biddle had to get them all out. There were no neutral ships on which they could embark and the Spanish Consul was issuing no visas to travellers unless they had Portuguese visas, which would indicate that they would not remain in Spain. The Portuguese Consul would give visas only to people who had air- line tickets to America, which almost no one had. Eventually Biddle sent his third secretary to the French side of the international bridge at Hendaye. The United States Ambassador in Madrid sent up one of his staff to the Spanish end, and between them they wangled the passage of some hun-

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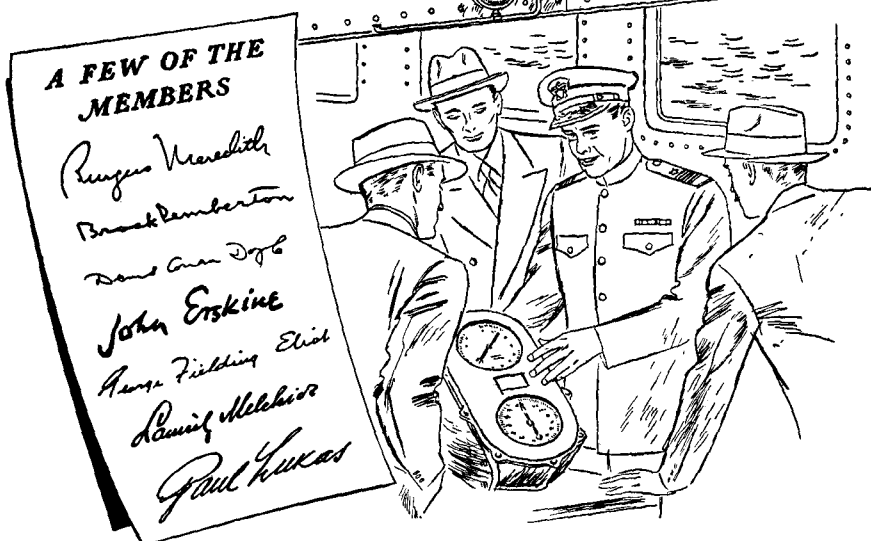


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—Mirror

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dreds of Americans across the frontier, whence the refugees moved on to San Sebastian and Bilbao and finally to New York by boat.

While executing his double assignment, Biddle scurried about for eighteen or twenty hours a day with an energy that could have been developed only in a lifetime of useless bodily activity. The Biddles had been billeted in the Château La Mission Haut-Brion, the home of a distinguished vineyardist, near the city. When he sees a picture of this château on a bottle of the wine that bears its name, the Ambassador recalls those tense, gloomy days in Bordeaux. There is little of the wine left in England, where it is usually referred to by sommeliers as "O'Brien," a circumstance which still further depresses the Francophile Ambassador. The distance from the centre of Bordeaux to the château was so great that Biddle seldom had a chance to do more than shave and change his clothes when he got home, a routine more essential to him than sleep, but one night he did return with some hope of getting a brief rest too. As he crept into bed beside his wife, a noise outside disturbed her and she asked him what it was. "Go to sleep, dear," he said. "It's only a machine gun." This was not reassuring enough; Mrs. Biddle made him go outside to find out who was firing the machine gun and why. He found the gunner in a vineyard, shooting hopefully in the direction of a German reconnaissance plane that had already disappeared. Ever since the Middle Ages, Bordeaux had been the capital of French court tennis—for years a favorite strategy of the *Bordelais* was to get any visiting team drunk on wine—and the machine gunner turned out to be an old opponent of Biddle's at the game. The Ambassador persuaded him to stop shooting so that Mrs. Biddle could sleep. Then the two men sat in the vineyard until dawn, reminiscing about a banquet in honor of the visiting British and American court-tennis teams that they had once attended at the home of M. Guestier of Barton & Guestier, the great vintners. Guestier had served, solemnly but without chichi, the most memorable wines of his inexhaustible cellars. "We had had a Yale student named Billy Stewart on our side that year," the Ambassador says when he retells the story, "and after we had tasted all the wines one of the Englishmen said, 'Billy, I think it would be a good idea for you, as the youngest visitor, to express our appreciation for all of us.' Stewart got up and said, 'M. Guestier, your wines are won-

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They are almost as good as no.' " The Ambassador and the gunner laughed about that for some time.

It was on the night of June 16th that Reynaud was finally argued into resigning his place and putting the country in the hands of its betrayers. He did not give up, however, without one long wrangle, in which he found supporters of continued resistance among the men he had invited to be colleagues in the government. Reynaud sent for Biddle early on the evening of the sixteenth and said to him, "I know you can't do anything tangible for us, but for my sake say you will resign at midnight. That will gain six hours for me, during which I may still be able to persuade them to go to America." He then appealed to his colleagues to delay their final decision until Biddle had received a message from the Ambassador expected from Washington. Biddle returned at midnight. The report had got all about the city that was awaiting word from his government. Nights, the streets of Bordeaux were full of people; only the wealthiest and luckiest of the refugees could find a bed to sleep in. The rest walked about or sat on the curbs and talked. As the Ambassador's car made its way through the Place de la Comédie on its way to the rendezvous, the crowd packed so closely about it that the chauffeur had to stop for a moment. The people began to cheer. Somebody had started a rumor that the United States had entered the war on the side of the Allies and that that was why Monsieur Biddle was on his way to see Reynaud in the middle of the night. "Old boy, I sat there in that car and I had a lump in my throat," Biddle says now. "Because I knew that we weren't going to do a damn thing."

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of three articles on Ambassador Biddle.)

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT

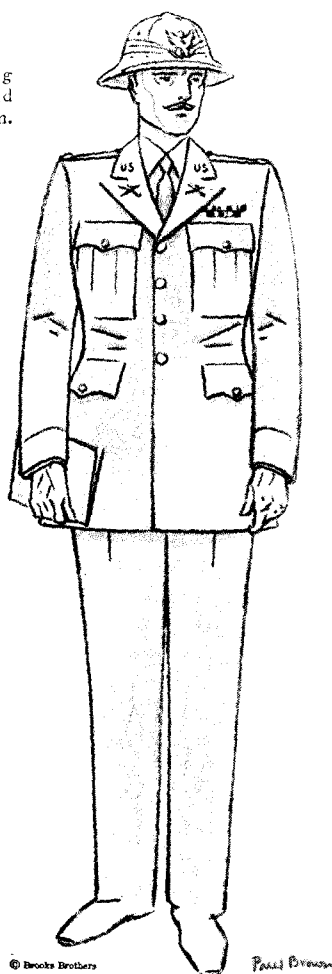
OTTAWA, 23rd April, 1942.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that by Transport Order No. 72 in 1942, dated the 21st April, 1942, permission has been granted, under the provisions of Section 63 of the Canada Shipping Act, to change the name of the scow *Tiny Tim* of Vancouver, B.C., Official Number 126,957, owned by the West Coast Shipbuilders Limited, of Vancouver, B.C., to *West Coast Giant*.

J. G. MACPHAIL,
Director of Marine Services.
—Canada Gazette.

After three drinks?

Army officer wearing tropical helmet and cotton khaki uniform.



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THE GIRLS FROM PONTUS

RICHARD RODGERS and Lorenz Hart paid their respects to the classics again last week in "By Jupiter," a free translation of the Amazonian legend. The immediate inspiration of this work, of course, was a play known as "The Warrior's Husband," in which Miss Katharine Hepburn first vaulted to glory. The resemblance even here, however, is slight, since, like most of the Rodgers and Hart operations, the performance at the Shubert Theatre has a wild, free rhythm all its own, not altogether unlike Miss Maxine Sullivan singing "Loch Lomond." With minor reservations—I am never quite sure, for instance, just how funny effeminacy really is on the stage—I think it is a very fine show.

The story of this war between the sexes is, I'm sure, too familiar to need much explanation. In the beginning, we have the ladies of Hippolyta's kingdom in charge and the gentlemen just lying around powdering their pretty noses (it was here that it struck me that

possibly somebody was being a little too graphic). Sapiens (Ray Bolger) is represented as being both embarrassed and alarmed by the advances of the Queen, a handsome, executive young woman played by Benay Venuta, while Antiope (Constance Moore) is largely preoccupied with military matters, as are the other girls. At this point, you may easily be reminded of the Greek Games at Barnard, except that the pretty warriors employed by Dwight Wiman, the producer in chief, wear rather less intense and studious expressions, though certainly no more clothes. With the arrival of the Greeks—in particular, Theseus, Hercules, Homer, and Agamemnon—there comes a period of emotional readjustment, winding up with Mr. Bolger singing a song called "Now That I've Got My Strength." As you can see, it isn't subtle, or especially delicate, but a lot of it seemed very funny to me.

A complete catalogue of all the virtues of "By Jupiter" would be long and

exactly as dull as the list of and song titles in any musical comedy. I'll try to make it as brief and less as possible, while including in the necessary information. Mr. Bolger, then, with his birdlike profile and extraordinary grace, is clearly the star of the evening. In a part that could have been very painful indeed in the hands, he is somehow able to seem starchy (I guess that's the word I want) without those psychopathic overtones which would surely have appealed so effectively to almost any other actor. Dancing, of course, needs no publicity from me. Of the rest, Miss Venuta is as stately, self-possessed, and versatile as she always is; Miss Moore is one of the most beautiful young women to have appeared on Broadway since the Snyder-Gray and may even be something of an actress, too; and Ronald Graham, as Theseus, is one of the few romantic juveniles in my memory who didn't make my teeth hurt.

Some additional dancing is stylishly handled by Robert and Lewis Hightower, sometimes assisted by a fine girl who has chosen to call herself Vera Ellen; and, in more or less minor roles, I admired Bertha Belmore, who is a good deal more agile than many of her age; Jayne Manners, a tall girl of admirable construction; and Bertha Gould (Homer) and Ralph Dumke (Hercules), two quite acceptable comedians. As my colleagues have freely charged, it may be that the Rodgers and Hart songs aren't as memorable as some they have produced in the past, but they still have a comfortable lead over the field. Irene Sharaff's costumes and Jo Mielziner's sets have that special taste and imagination usually associated with any enterprise into which Mr. Wiman gets his talented fingers.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



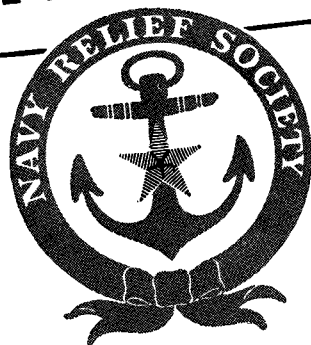
"I'm certain I'd remember if I'd done it."

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association]

Let us inquiringly search out the legislative mesquite and the administrative underbrush and unmistakably brand with blackball votes this coming fall those mavericks whom we have reason to suspect of long-haired theories and pop-eyed reforms as regards goose-stepping the medical profession. . . . Otherwise, in their guinea-pigomania they will march our ideals and idealisms, one by one, up that long, last hill for crucifixion. Once these have been nailed to the cross, then, indeed, it will be too late for us to seek the wailing wall of remorse. . . . The merely gold-washed chains of ward-healer serfdom await the medical profession if organized medicine slumbers.

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generously and help protect the families of the Navy's fighting men. By your assistance, those in the Service may know that we at home will look after those they left behind . . . and the men who are doing the fighting need not worry about the folks back home.

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No amount is too small—\$1 . . . \$2 . . . \$5 . . . \$10. None too large—\$100 . . . \$500 . . . \$1000. Every contribution making up the \$5,000,000 fund will promise protection at home, and freedom from worry, to more than 500,000 men in our Navy, Marine and Coast Guard* Services.

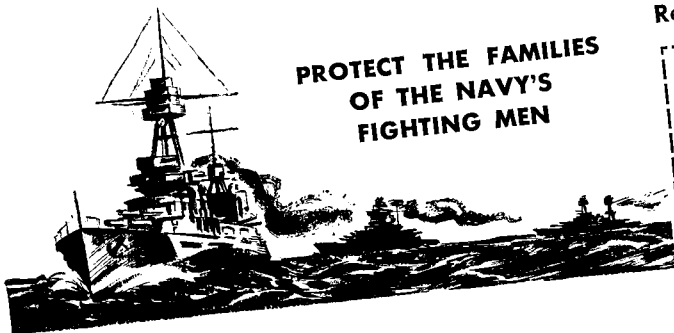
**through Coast Guard Welfare*

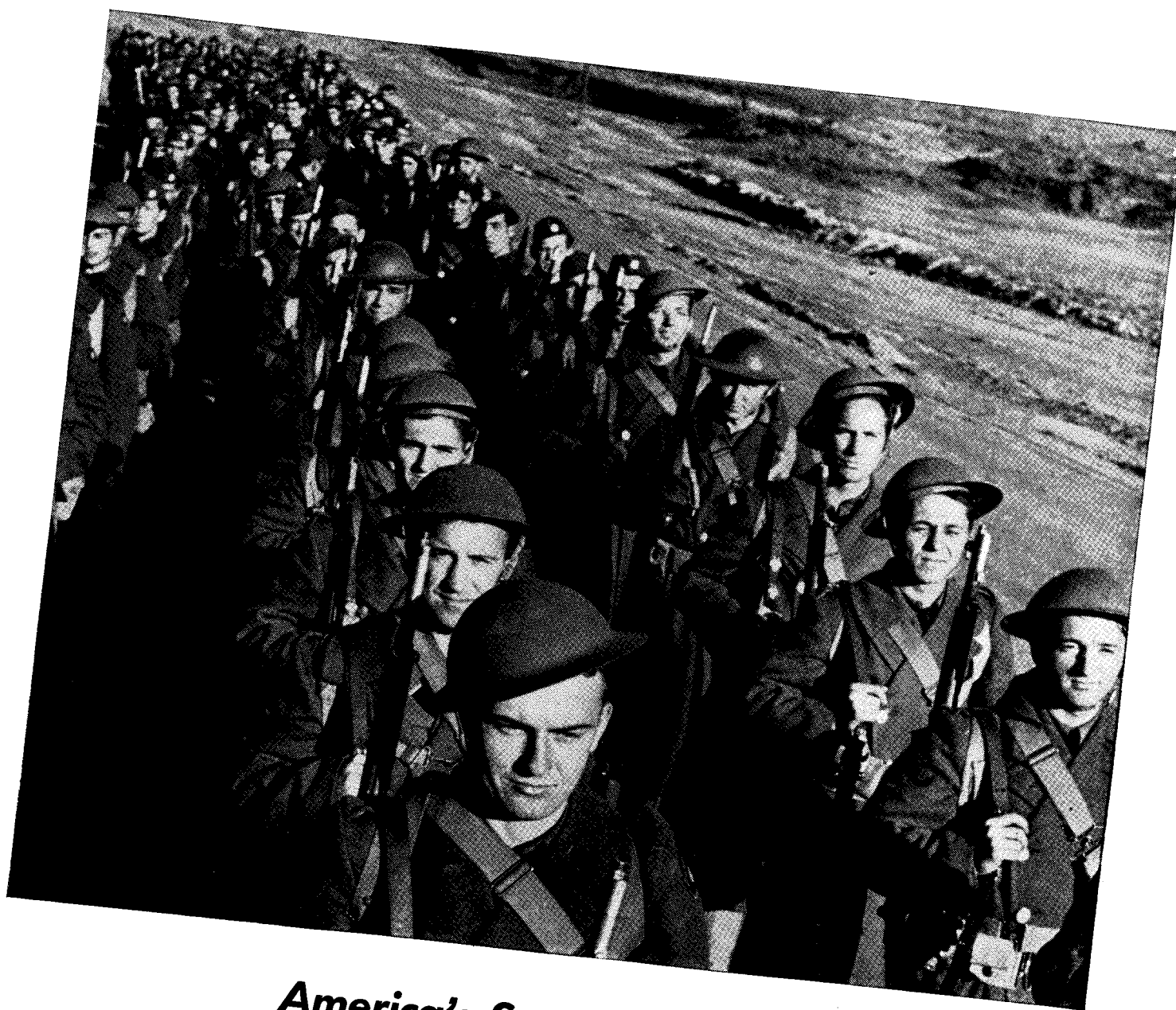
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You won't find it on the production lines at Rock Island or Willow Run. It isn't guarded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or tested at Aberdeen.

But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where

he and his friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's made of his invitations to the homes of pleasant strangers.

It's made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or in the Caribbean.

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army—a weapon that can never be *ersatzed* in Germany or Japan.

What can you do to sharpen this weapon? Give to the USO. This great national service organization that overrides race and creed has been entrusted by your government with responsibility for the service man's leisure needs. With maintaining clubhouses and providing camp shows, with a hundred thoughtful services to our men at home and abroad.

The needs of USO have grown as enormously as our armed forces themselves. This Spring we must have \$32,000,000.

Give all you can—whether it's a lot or a little.

Send your contribution to your local chairman or to USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

★ **USO** ★

HOW GREEN IS MY TRUELOVE'S TITLE

A FEW weeks ago, Clifton Fadiman, in reviewing Nelson Algren's new novel, "Never Come Morning," remarked parenthetically that it had "about the most irritatingly unrememberable title of the season." Well, I am at present one of a committee of scholars engaged in selecting the outstanding book titles of the season (operating on a grant from a large philanthropic organization whose name I am unfortunately unable to divulge), and our labors have progressed to a point where I am prepared to reveal authoritatively that Nelson Algren's novel has *exactly* the most irritatingly unrememberable title of the season and that Mr. Algren's publishers will soon be notified of that honor. This choice, I might mention, was made only after mature consideration of the runner-up, a book called "Brother, the Laugh Is Bitter" (which lends itself to recall variously as "Bitter, the Laugh Is Brother," "Laughter, the Broth Is Bitter," and so on). Our selection for the most irritatingly *rememberable* title of the season is Miss Gertrude Stein's forthcoming "To Do."

Although it is in many respects unfortunate that Mr. Fadiman, obviously nothing more than a gifted amateur in the field of title-tabulating, should have dabbled in this highly specialized work, his fortuitous stab may serve to give our efforts some of the publicity they so sorely need. With this in mind, I am here releasing for the lay reader a selected list of a few of our awards for this season. The names of all authors, naturally, are omitted in the interests of greater objectivity. (Mr. Algren's name, unfortunately, has already been released through Mr. Fadiman's no doubt well-meaning efforts, and we presume that Miss Stein is past caring.)

FIRST prize for the most irritating title beginning "And" (always a close contest) went to "And Now I Share with You," although there were substantial blocs of votes for "—And Never Yield," "And Down the Days," and "And Now Tomorrow." First place for the silliest numerical title of the season was divided between "Larrish Hundred" and "Seven Tempest," both of which were far ahead of the rest of the field. For the title with the most revolting colloquialism, we had little trouble in choosing "New Hampshire Borns a Town," and for the most-absolutely-meaningless-title award, "Bright to the

Wanderer" led all competitors. Our choice for the title consisting of the most inane question was, obviously, "May I Keep Dogs?"

In the competition for the title with the most blatantly transposed part of speech, we found nothing to compete with last year's magnificent example of the transposed adverb, "Quietly My Captain Waits," but then, as you know, last year was unusually rich in these imaginative gems, presumably inspired by "How Green Was My Valley" and "Black Is My Truelove's Hair." We suspect that in this case the war may have restrained creative imagination, and the best we were able to find was a pretty good example of the transposed adjective, "Silent Are the Dead," and a mediocre specimen of the transposed noun, "Home Is the Heart." No prizes were awarded in this division.

One of our most exciting contests, that for the most awkward title to order from a circulating library, finally resulted in victory for "Petticoat Vagabond in Ainu-Land." "I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia" was runner-up. Our rule excluding scientific titles from this competition eliminated such promising contenders as "Four Treatises of Theophrastus von Hohenheim called Paraphrastus von Hohenheim called Paraphrastus" and "Morphology, Taxonomy and Bionomics of the Nemertean Genus Carcinonemertes." "Hell on Friday," a special case, was given an honorable mention because, although it is not usually awkward per se, we were able to foresee difficulties in telephoning a circulating library and saying, "I would like a copy of 'Hell on Friday.'"

Our prize for the most nauseatingly cute title of the season went to "Guide Posts on Worship Highways," although "Driving the Reading Road" and "Dixie Darkies" were close contenders. For the title containing the least amount of fresh information, we chose "Forever Is so Long," with "Never Trust Love" in second place, and for the title containing the least amount of *reliable* information, we had no trouble in selecting "Gold Comes in Bricks." This year's prize-winner for the title arous-

ing the most curiosity concerning the contents of the book was easily "Giants in Dressing-Gowns." "Good Bad Boy" and "The Go-Giver" were tied for first place as the titles arousing the least curiosity.

The prize for the title containing the most offensive command went to "Use Your Leftovers," with "Stop on the Green Light" coming in a close second. The most ambiguous title of the season was "Lamp Unto My Feet," which we consider the best in years. For the most annoying alliteration, we rejected a children's book named "Peter Piper's Pickled Peppers" as hopelessly unoriginal and selected "Baptists Building in Brazil," with "Biddy Brogan's Boy" as runner-up. "Mud on the Stars" and "Angel with Spurs" tied as obvious selections for the title with the unhappiest imagery of the season, and "Never No More" was our choice for the least-grammatical, or double-wing-back-for-mation, prize. For the coveted choice as the most utterly insane title, "Folding Father" had no competitors, and our selection for the title that had everything—sense, brevity, melody, euphony, rhythm, and boundless charm—was finally given to that paragon of this season's book titles, "Goat Afloat."

I HOPE the announcement of these few selections will give Mr. Fadiman some idea of the complexity of the field he unwittingly stumbled into and perhaps introduce a few of the more literate readers and authors to this fascinating vocation. —STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

LINES TO A BIRD

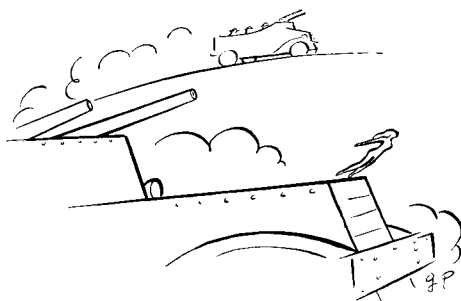
The laughing kingfisher of Australia serves as an alarm clock! About an hour before sunrise these birds set up a din of laughing, whooping and shouting that even the soundest of sleepers cannot ignore. —Caption from "Curious World," by Ferguson, in the *World-Telegram*.

Oh, laugh and shout not any more
At dawn upon Australia's shore,
For all around you now you'll find
Lads to whom you should be kind.

Leave them instead to peaceful dreams
Beside your antipodean streams
As long as regulations keep
Unshattered their bejewelled sleep.

Oh, less than this you cannot do
For chaps come round the world to you
From lands of hope to lands of pain
To sleep so all may laugh again.

—EUGENE KINKADEE

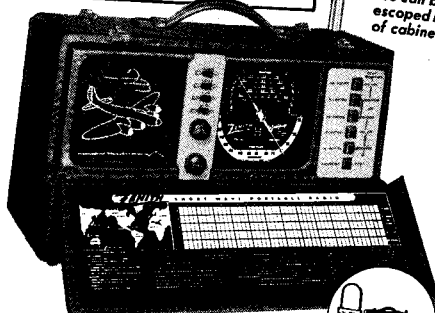


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OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

LETTER FROM CANTERBURY

JUNE 6 (BY CABLE)



CANTERBURY'S citizens are feeling flattered but undismayed by the dubious honor of having been picked by the Luftwaffe for a return, last Sunday night, of the R.A.F. visit to Cologne. Local opinion doesn't think much of a reprisal that consists of fifty planes sent to knock the daylight out of a small cathedral town. "If that's all they can do, I reckon they might as well chuck it" was the general comment, which was hardly enough coming from people whose city was in places still smoldering. The men of Kent are a tough lot. Sunday and Monday nights, few of the ordinary public and certainly none of the Civil Defence workers got any sleep, but on Wednesday night there was a stretch of unbroken quiet in which everybody could relax. The next morning, businessmen who met in the pub for a pint of Kentish hops and housewives who picked their way through the debris with their baskets were feeling sufficiently set up to shout to each other, as though they meant it, "It's a grand morning."

You hear Canterbury ladies agreeing among themselves that it's fortunate the visitation came off in what even the official weather bulletin, relaxing its meteorological caginess, described as typical June weather. The ladies sound as cheerful as if they were congratulating themselves on a nice day for the Deanery garden party, but it's a fact that sadder engagements also become definitely less harrowing in bright sunshine. The authorities' job of digging up, sorting out, feeding, and housing people who are homeless is easier when nature isn't trying to drown them as well. After the raid, the people of Canterbury, sitting under trees and being fed from travelling canteens, looked like a monstrosity until one got close. The exhausted members of demolition squads who had just stumbled off duty were lying fast asleep on mattresses laid out in the shade of quiet old gardens, where you could pick up jagged slivers of bombs among the peonies and irises.

ON Thursday, the Duke of Kent unexpectedly arrived on the official visit of sympathy which is royalty's customary tribute to badly blitzed cities. The itinerary, which was hastily

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countryside, off the beaten track... yet near enough... you may bask in the grandeur of the hills for a season's stay or for days and week-ends at any time of year.

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VERMONT

A Sanctuary IN THE HILLS

**FREE
BOOK**



ched together for him, was somewhat disorganized by the ardor of a abolition party which nonchalantly coked a building along the royal e. Altogether, busy Canterbury paid visitor the compliment of getting on h the job and not stopping for cheers. e lady resident who stood on the b and raised a loyal yip was regarded th mild astonishment by troops engaged in cleaning up a gutted building posite, who obviously thought that she id been driven out of her senses by unday night's events.

Country people have been coming in ll week to look at the damage and sk, as all England is asking, "Did they get the cathedral?" This is just the question which censorship forbids one to answer. There is no doubt in the minds of the local population, at any rate, that the bombers were after their precious possession. People living some distance out say that it was a beautiful and terrible sight, at one stage of the raid, to see the cathedral's cross shining in the light of the flares while the startled cuckoos and nightingales shouted in the woods all round.

The new Archbishop was in his palace on Sunday night. Millions of Britons feel that the Primate is as precious a national belonging as his cathedral. Here he is proudly looked upon as a Canterbury man in more ways than one, because he lived at the palace in his boyhood, when his father was Archbishop. Though his flock hasn't yet had time to get to know him since his return, there are elderly men in the service of the cathedral who can remember when, as "naughty Billy Temple," he was the high-spirited source of any devilment around the Close. Canterbury is relieved that the raid didn't coincide with his recent enthronement.

IN a town of this size, where everybody knows everybody, a blitz is no less terrifying but a good deal cozier than in a big, impersonal city. Walking along the street, one constantly heard, "There's the Doctor [or the Mayor, or the Canon]. I must just run over and ask how he got on." The effect is something like a novel by Anthony Trollope which has got itself mixed up with "Digging for Mrs. Miller." Black-gaitered legs twinkle across Canterbury turf which has been scorched bare by a hundred incendiaries and on which a drunken sign still politely requests visitors not to walk. Under the immemorial elms dead rooks are lying, blasted out like other Canterburians. Even a locally famous ghost is homeless. "Bet he broke

Still carrying on!



Blackie: "We're certainly leading an exciting life these days, Whitey."

Whitey: "But we always manage to get there somehow, Blackie."

● Every drop of Black & White you drink today was distilled and mellowed in Scotland before the outbreak of the war. From these large, choice stocks, Scotland is exporting Black & White to this country in reasonable quantities.



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LA PROVINCE DE
Québec
CANADA



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Today, our great industries and our friendly people work night and day for Victory — yet everywhere the quaint charm and rustic beauty of La Province de Québec remain unspoiled.

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North of Montréal, you'll tour a vacationer's wonderland, the lordly Laurentians and the Gatineau! Here are all the summer beauties of mountain and lake, quaint French Canadian village and smart summer resort. Here you'll discover the inviting playground of the bather, the fisherman, the hunter, the golfer. Comfortable stopping places and delicious French Canadian cuisine await you. Then, back to Montréal to visit the lovely lakeland of the Eastern Townships, or journey eastward to the storied City of Québec! Come this year!

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LA PROVINCE DE
Québec
TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC - CANADA

31M

into a run on Sunday night," says someone with a chuckle, pointing out a mass of rubble piled up where he is popularly supposed to walk.

Perhaps because of its handy size or its fighting spirit, Canterbury has been, in its way, a model of civic efficiency. The authorities are proud of the fact that although gas and water mains were hit, the population was deprived of water for only one day and of gas not at all. Credit is due the East Kent Mutual Aid Association, which had a plan ready under which skilled repairmen from other Kentish towns were rushed to the attacked area by lorries to assist in the job at hand. The same regional assistance scheme is now employed by the fire services. When the alarm was sounded, fire squads came hustling along to Canterbury from other parts of Kent. Another triumph of organization over adverse conditions was the unfailing appearance of the local paper, the *Kentish Observer*, which managed to hang onto its record of over a hundred years of continuous publication by accepting the hospitality of someone else's premises. The paper came out as usual, though with a blank back page and with a front one full of calm local announcements, including an appeal for the return of a small brown pony, with a long tail, which had sensibly "strayed from Canterbury during air raid on Sunday night."

On the whole, Canterbury seems rather proud of having been singled out for retaliation. In the days of what all residents refer to as "the battle," which was Britain's struggle of Summer 1940, they were frequently in the front line of fire. It seems almost like old times, they say, to find themselves once more being cracked at by a Luftwaffe with its tail down in Summer 1942.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

I have just had a most heartening view of democracy in action. I worked on the sugar registration for two days. Our clientele ranged from ladies of the Gold Coast to the humblest kind of illiterate, including one well-known movie star. —From a letter in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Oh, come, you're not going to tell us that movie stars are humble!

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[From the *Daily Iowan*]

Allen was born in Cherokee Sept. 24, 1922. His mother, Mrs. Mildred Quinn Allen of Iowa City, was in Maquoketa at the time.



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NOTES ON SPORTS

All Baseball



THE New York Fire Department beat the Police Force handily in the annual ball game last Sunday in spite of a few rough moments

it looked as though the powerful of F. H. LaGuardia might prove much for them. Of course, His or shows no partiality in these aff- preferring to jinx both sides equal- the interests of municipal harmo- out on Sunday the firemen started it a psychological disadvantage. To ibute his influence evenly, it is the or's custom to occupy a box behind team's dugout first, and then, when game is half over, to move to a box nd the other's. This year he visited cops first, and the firemen were left 1 the uneasy knowledge that their 1 was yet to come. They went ahead

while the going was good, but en the Little Flower transplanted itself, the cops, breathing more freely, ght up and tied the score. Things ked very murky for the firemen until, means of some mysterious counter- ll, they pulled themselves together d eventually won, 14-8. Some say it is because their first baseman, Otten o relation to Etten, first baseman for e Phils, or Ott, right fielder for the ants), brandished bits of garlic and zoar whenever he took up his position front of His Honor's seat. Oth- s say that the firemen had Evil-Eye nkle in the stands working on their le, but this is unlikely, because the Eye reported to have been drafted.

Prospects looked worst for the fire- en when the cops started knocking the all over the head of left fielder Sim- mons, of Engine Company 280, who ad come away without his ladder. The ops, on the other hand, were in a bad way toward the end of the game, when hey had to call in Officer Auer, who is getting on, as a relief pitcher, and the also aging Sergeant Whalen (no rela- tion to the former Commissioner) as a pinch hitter. All in all, it was an event- ful game, with an attempted double steal, some pretty good bunting, a couple of home runs, and plenty of er- rors. There was a crowd of well over 30,000, including a large number of kids who seemed somehow to have ac- quired a preference for the police. Both

A gift to Dad... a salute to his good taste!



THE IMPORTED HAVANA CIGAR

The difference between the Imported Havana cigar and a domestic one is the difference between sterling and silverplate. The superlative qualities of Imported Havanas are apparent at the first mellow puff—a rare adventure in flavor and aroma which Dad should not be denied! He need not be denied it, either—for surprisingly enough, the world's finest cigar costs much less than you might think. Yet this cigar is all Havana. The tobacco is grown in the sun-drenched, moisture-rich Pinar del Rio region of Cuba. Each cigar is meticulously rolled and finished in the traditional Spanish hand method by skilled craftsmen right in Cuba. We keep these cigars at their peak of perfection in Macy's air-conditioned, humidity-controlled Havana Humidor. And we'll wrap Dad's gift handsomely, so it will make the impression it really deserves on Father's Day, June 21st. Macy's Men's Store, Street Floor.

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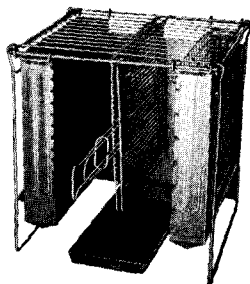
Give a man a tent...sporty trout to play...and he's all boy again! Sure cure for desk jitters is our special *Trout Rod* in your hands at the right pool.

Selected split bamboo, cork grip, locking reel-seat. 8', 8½', 9' lengths. \$12.

ALADDIN DISPENSER JUG—Scientific insulation keeps liquids hot or cold for hours. Dispenses by slight intermittent pressure on bulb. Easy to clean. 6-qt. size. \$6.75.

GO-LITE SLEEPING BAG—Comfortable down to 40°. Roomy, boxed construction with 36" zipper opening. Quilted wool bat filling. Weight, 7 lbs. \$12.50.

COOLERETTE BAG—New, insulated bag food carrier. Tray of cubes maintains 50° for 12 hours. Removable ice pack. \$6.75.



VERTICAL CHARCOAL GRILL, in case—Broil both sides of steak at once in half the time. Use outdoors or in your fireplace. Weight, 17 lbs. \$7.50.



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sides brought along bands, which some of the good old departmental numbers, like "Rose O'Day" "Deep in the Heart of Texas." game was the thirteenth in a series now stands at 7-6 in favor of the Yankees with the invisible insteps.

LEFTY GOMEZ, the Yankee pitcher who likes yellow automobiles, attracted some attention last week by hitting four hits in one game. This surprised an old sportsman I know who has always thought well of Gomez as a hitter and, in fact, has picked up change more than once by betting on him as such. In the sixth game of the 1936 World Series, in which the Yankees played the Giants, this fellow bet that Gomez would get more hits than the opposing catcher, who happened to be Danning. Gomez got one hit, Danning got none. Then, in the seventh game of the 1937 Series, this sportsman, flushed with success, bet that Gomez would out-hit not only Danning but also his own catcher, Dickey, who was usually a terror in a World Series game. Of course, the fellow was given odds of approximately 13½-2, and when Gomez got one hit and neither Danning nor Dickey got any, he retired with a profit. Gomez's method is usually to stick his bat in the path of the first pitch and bounce the ball back over the head of the second baseman. There is no offensive remedy, apparently. The other day, the second baseman tried to anticipate this tactic after the first three hits had gone past him, but the fourth or fifth must have had a little extra lift to it, because it went right over his head along with the rest. Gordon and DiMaggio nevertheless, go on unscientifically trying to knock the cover off the ball.

IT was here predicted a while back that the St. Louis Cardinals would win the National League pennant. There's just a chance that this prophecy was reckless, and that Cincinnati or the Giants may win instead. Meanwhile the Dodgers continue to cling stubbornly to their lead of two or three dozen games.

—DAVID LARDNER

Vitamin Fed
Fishing Worms
For Sale

TOWNSEL HINKSTON

—Adv. in the program of the Augusta (Ark.) High School senior play.

The kind that don't flinch when you put them on the hook.

OF ALL THINGS

Six months after Pearl Harbor the Japanese discover that Americans are a reasonable sort of people. If the Pacific is too wide to cross, we are going to meet them halfway.

The death of Reinhard Heydrich, justly popular throughout the civilized world, but Heinrich Himmler has cause for worry. He could easily achieve a greater success.

The war news has been so good recently that it is hard to resist the temptation to be cheerful. The authorities may even proclaim a National Gloom Week.

The United States has declared war on Bulgaria, Hungary, and Rumania, and it's about time, too. The three little empires were beginning to feel hurt.

Our State Department would like to know the meaning of Hitler's visit to the inland. Well, the man has to go somewhere.

Correspondents home from Italy tell us that son-in-law Count Ciano has become immensely rich. This means that here will be a nice home for Papa in case he loses his job.

Senator McCarran and his pals have thought up a painless way to produce prosperity, prevent inflation, and win the war. The government would simply pay a dollar an ounce for silver which is worth thirty-five cents.

At this writing, the House of Representatives sticks to its figure of \$50 a month for soldiers. This should dispose of the ugly rumor that congressional elections will be called off this year.

George W. Christians, leader of the Crusader White Shirts, has been convicted of sedition. He is to spend the next eighty years in a shirt of a different color.

Because of the gas shortage, Memorial Day fatalities were cut in half. Some people fear that the Fourth of July celebration will be an even worse failure.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

EARLY AMERICAN *Old Spice* * MEN'S TOILETRIES FOR FATHER'S DAY



Old Spice Shave Soap—in pottery mug.
Free-lathering and long-lasting. Red-
lined wood-veneered chest . . . \$1.00

Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion—in
pottery container with sprinkler top.
4 oz. \$1.00

\$3,000 IN PRIZES! WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS IN THE OLD SPICE FATHER'S DAY JINGLE CONTEST

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Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TUESDAY afternoon last week, I saw one of the country's eight thousand ration boards at work. This particular board, which has jurisdiction over sugar, gas, new tires, and the recapping of old ones, is in White Plains, but it is unquestionably a good deal like the board in Rye or Greenwich or New Rochelle. Last week it was occupied almost entirely with listening to gas-rationing appeals. Its behavior struck me as peculiarly American, and somehow cheering, and perhaps worth telling about. The White Plains ration board occupies two dusty rooms on the second floor of an old high-school building on Main Street. According to a sign tacked on a door at the head of the stairs, the board meets every afternoon from two to four, Monday through Friday. It was shortly before two when I arrived, and the door was locked. I rapped, and a good-looking young woman opened it. It seemed to me that she glanced rather apprehensively up and down the empty corridor. When I introduced myself she smiled in relief. "Come along in," she said. "I'm Mrs. Christenson. I guess you'd call me a sort of secretary to the board. When I heard your knock I was afraid the rush was beginning already. Yesterday we had to handle a couple of hundred people. In two hours!"

I told Mrs. Christenson I was sorry to bother her, but she invited me to sit down. Shoving the white stacks of paper covering her desk to one side, she said, "Say, I'm glad to forget about this for a while. I never did any bookkeeping before in my life—just legal typing—and it isn't so easy to keep things straight. You see, some of our reports have to be sent to county headquarters, some to Albany, others to Washington. All reports have to be typed in duplicate, triplicate, or quadruplicate, and they all have to be kept on file here. That's the catch. So far we've only got two little files for the whole job. Two files, one typewriter, and one telephone."

I asked her how she had happened to take on the job.

"I volunteered," she answered. "I hadn't

X, B, AND CHIEFLY A

worked since I got married, but I wanted to help."

"You mean you're handling this job without pay?" I asked.

"Of course," she said. "Just like the members of the board. Lately we've been allowed one salaried clerk to help us, but he's only paid about twenty-five a week."

Mrs. CHRISTENSON typed a few reports while I wandered about waiting for the board to convene. In the first room there were only Mrs. Christenson's desk and chair, a long table and three chairs for the board, and two long wooden benches against the walls. There was nothing in the other room but some loosely piled pamphlets, sugar-ration books, and gas-ration cards. It wasn't long before the members of the board began to arrive, and Mrs. Christenson introduced me as they came in. The chairman is Mr. Chauncey Griffen, a prominent real-estate man and a former mayor of White Plains. Mr. Griffen is white-haired and handsome and talks with a pleasant, country-club accent. The two other members of the board are Edward Schirmer, a director of several banks, and Thomas Holden, a lawyer. At two o'clock sharp, the board clerk, a former bakery salesman named Mr. Miller, arrived and Mrs. Christenson opened the hall door. As a queue of men and women moved timidly forward, I assured Mr. Griffen that I would not mention the names

of all those appearing before the

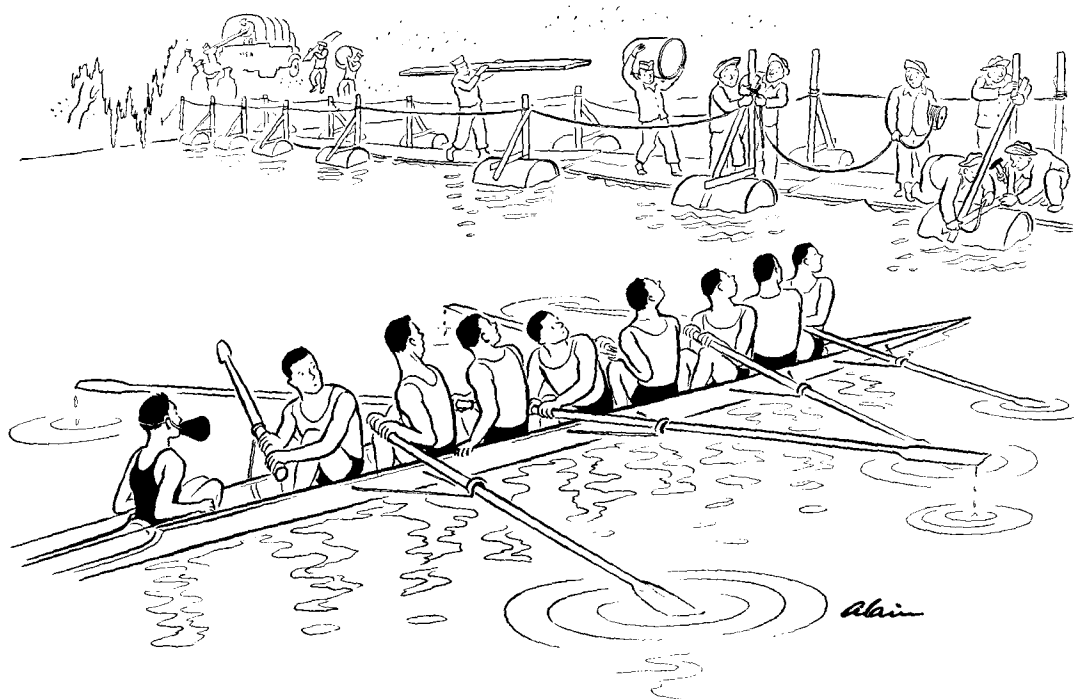
The three members of the who sat only a couple of feet a the same table, heard cases indivi so there was a certain amount of fusion. The first appeal to which tened was that of a middle-aged who was in a state of great excite He appeared before Mr. Griffen God," he said, leaning over Mr. fen's desk, "it would buy two bon would help win the war! And I give it to the railroad." He spre hands, palms up. "Where's the se that?"

"Now, now," Mr. Griffen "What would buy two bonds?"

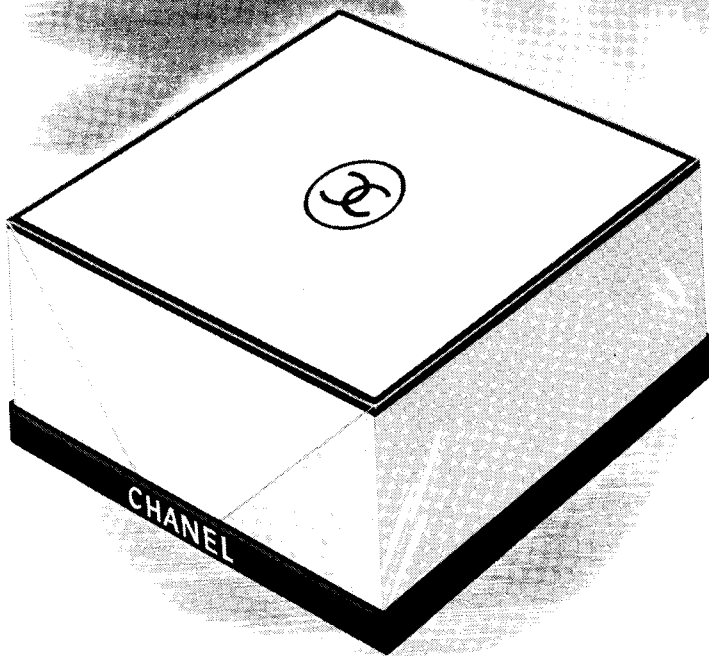
"The price of the railroad tic My wife and I, if we want to go to Maine to see her family, we al hop in the car. It costs five dol maybe, to get there by car. Now give us an A card and say, 'Listen, go by train.' But by train it cost up to forty dollars. Thirty-five do wasted. That's practically two bonc

Mr. Griffen shook his head and "I'm sorry, but you go by train." man began to argue, and Mr. Griff looking beyond him, said, "You m just remember that it takes fifty gall of gas to warm up a bomber. And need a lot of bombers. Next, pleas

The next petitioner was a Wl Plains man who had come up by tr from Florida, where he had found war job for himself, in order to sell house in White Plains and drive his back to Florida. His car, however, h not yet been registered for 1942. M



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This delicate liquid brushes across sensitive skin with a "Feather Touch". . . cleanses gently, utterly, beautifully! Silken soft . . . it looks and feels like Devonshire cream . . . is made expressly for skin which resents heavy pressure. Your skin will like "Feather Touch" cleansing. Get Sensitive Skin Cleanser today! \$1.25, \$2.25, \$4.00. At fine stores.

Prices slightly higher in Canada



Charles of the Ritz
 NEW YORK

Griffen pointed out to him that he would have to register his car before a gas ration card could be issued to him. Then he would be given a B-3 card entitling him to fifty-seven gallons of gas, which would be enough, probably, to carry him over halfway to Florida. He would have to stop in some town along the route when his gas ran low and apply to the ration board there for another B-3 card to carry him the rest of the way.

The man thanked Mr. Griffen, and a woman took his place before the desk. She said, rather archly, "My dear Mr. Griffen, is this where you ration everything?"

"Everything but the ladies, Madam," Mr. Griffen said gallantly. "The government hasn't let us do that yet."

The woman fluttered her eyelids. Evidently everything was going to be just as she had hoped it would be. "Well, I've an A card," she said, "but I think I deserve better. You see, my dear mother's eighty, and she's had a stroke. The only real pleasure she gets out of life is a little ride every evening in the fine summer weather. And I'm afraid we won't be able to take our little rides unless you give me a B-3 card, or perhaps an X."

His air of gallantry still intact, Mr. Griffen said, "I happen to have a mother, too, who's over eighty and has had a stroke. She likes to go out riding whenever she can, too. But she'll have to make a certain number of sacrifices, just like the rest of us. She'll have to manage on an A card."

The woman stopped smiling. "But, of course, an A card isn't enough," she said. "It may be the death of my poor mother."

"All right," Mr. Griffen said, standing up as a hint that the interview was about over. "You go out and get an affidavit from your mother's physician swearing that unless she can ride a minimum of forty or fifty miles a week, every week, she'll die. Then you can come back here and get more gas."

I WALKED over to Mr. Schirmer's place at the table. He was apparently having some difficulty with an Italian workman. Behind me I could hear Mrs. Christenson dealing with an old man who was asking for thirty-three pounds of sugar for a church supper, and in another part of the room the clerk, who wandered around because he had no place to sit down, was filling out an application for a set of recaps for a man who scraped floors. The room was filled with people by now, most of them looking amiable enough but a few staring at

one another in mutual suspicion. I heard one man ask, of no one in particular, "Well, did you think we come to this in the good old U.S."

Mr. Schirmer was saying to the Italian, "Take it easy. One step at a time. You say you work for the New Central?"

"That's it. That's right."

"You make repairs along the line from White Plains to Crestwood? That means you spend the day riding back and forth on the different trains, do you? You just get off wherever there's a length of track that needs repairs?"

"Sure. But at night, after midnight, there are no trains. And suppose it rains, suppose I got to get up, in an emergency, I have to fix the tracks. Then I need a car for my car."

"But you told me you lived a long way from the White Plains station. You can't drive your car up and down the tracks. An A card ought to get you back home forth to work as often as you like. The two men had begun to sweat. Mr. Schirmer called to a well-dressed man who he evidently knew, who was seated waiting his turn, on one of the long wooden benches against the wall. The man came up and asked the workman one or two questions in Italian, then exploded into what sounded like a series of unforgivable insults. The workman's head lowered and his hands dropped to his sides. Then he got up and walked quietly out of the room.

"What was that about?" Mr. Schirmer asked the man who had helped him out.

"He was just trying to get away with murder," the man said. "He'd heard about somebody else on the road who got a B-3, so he wanted one. I asked him what kind of a country he thought this was. I asked how he'd like it back in Posilipo."

Just then a short, thin man with a waxed mustache—a dentist, it turned out—hurried into the room and threw down a salmon-pink card on Mr. Schirmer's desk. "I never asked for that X card," the man said, almost fiercely. "I don't want it. I won't touch it. For God's sake, tear it up."

Mr. Schirmer wiped his forehead and said, "Take it easy. One step at a time. How did you happen to get this card?"

"I went over to the nearest school the night they started handing them out. And one of the teachers said to me, 'Why, you deserve an X card, Doctor, if anybody does.' And she made me take it. I tell you, she forced it on me."

Mr. Schirmer smiled. "Cheer up," he

"You're not the only one. A lot of artists and a lot of nurses and a pack of cops and other city em-ployees got X cards they weren't entitled to." He patted a thick envelope on the table. "We've been calling them in and over fifty have been turned back so far. What kind of a card do you think you ought to have?" The dentist hesitated. Mr. Schirmer said, "I guess we'd better make it an A card, hadn't we?"

Yes, sir," the dentist said. "I guess we had."

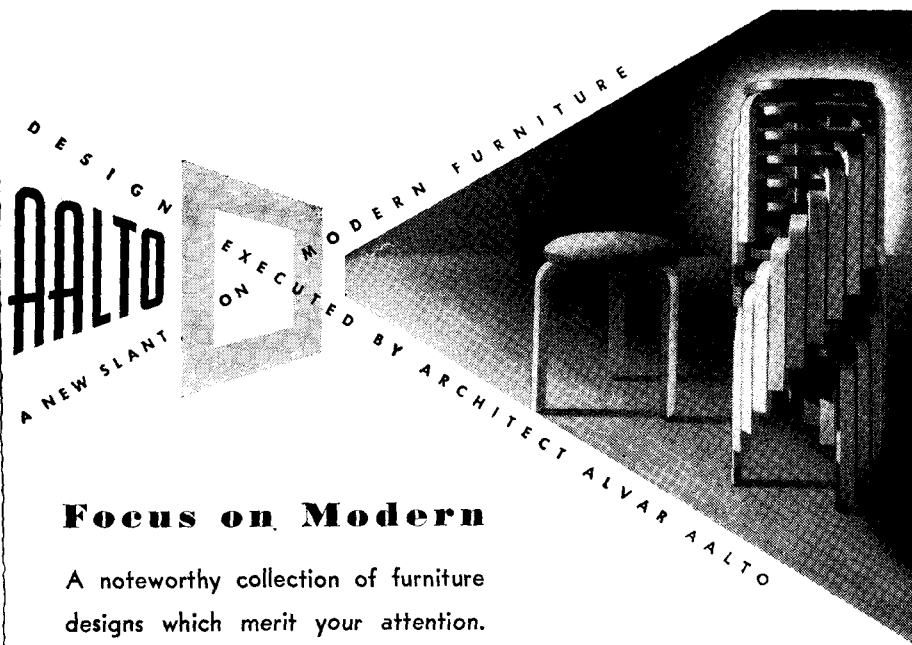
Mr. Schirmer picked up an A card. "Shine," he called over to Mr. Griffen, who was obviously known to his colleagues as Shine, "what the devil have you done with my pen?"

Mr. Griffen raised his eyebrows. "Why, Eddie, I don't know what you mean," he said, in a tone of mock injury. "I wouldn't borrow that cheap little pen for a bet."

Apparently this was an old and familiar argument, for Mrs. Christenson looked over and searched the drifts of paper on Mr. Griffen's desk until she found a pen under a corner of the blotter. In a stage whisper, she said to me, "Imagine, only one pen among the three of them! They're just like three kids."

LEAVING Mr. Schirmer shaking his head in self-pity and filling out an A card for the dentist, I moved over to Mr. Holden. A small, middle-aged woman wearing silver-framed pince-nez was speaking rapidly and, I thought, trifling desperately into Mr. Holden's ear. Mr. Holden was nodding, his eyes already closed. "In the first place, you see," I heard the woman say, "my two children and I have just driven North to spend the summer in Rhode Island. Yesterday I left the children with some relatives out in Quogue, Long Island, while I did some necessary business here in White Plains. Now I have to drive back to Quogue, pick up the children, and drive on to Rhode Island. That'll be over three hundred and fifty miles in two days, and all I have is an A card. My tank has about half a gallon left in it now. At least, the needle's been shivering over zero for miles and miles."

Mr. Holden nodded gently. "There's nothing to worry about, young lady," he said. "We'll see that you get what gas you need." Mr. Holden made this sound like a sort of divine benefaction. "Won't we, Eddie?" Mr. Holden asked, turning to the other members of the board. "Won't we, Shine?" Mr. Schirmer and Mr. Griffen nod-



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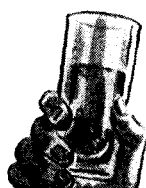
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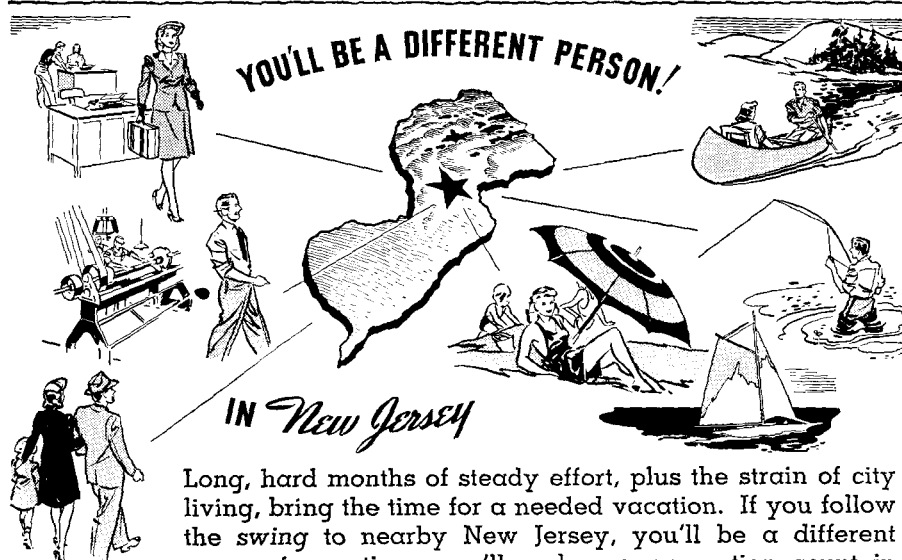
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ded. "You'll just have to sign
 ment explaining why you need t
 Mr. Holden went on. "Wh
 reach Rhode Island we'd like
 mail back to us the supplement
 card I'm going to give you." I
 gered the pocket of his coat. "I
 have left my pen at home. Eddie,
 it be too much trouble—"

The woman took off her pin
 and smiled. She opened her purs
 think I have a pen," she said. "Yo
 use mine if you like."

WHEN I returned to Mr. G
 he had just called up a y
 man who had been nervously paci
 room. "I'm a manufacturer's salesm
 the young man said. "My terr
 Connecticut, eastern New York,
 New Jersey. I've built up a pretty
 business in the last four or five y
 I'm married. I got two kids."

Mr. Griffen played with a paper
 "No reason you can't get as much
 as you need to carry on your busin
 he said. "I suppose you've used up
 of your first B-3 card with a term
 as big as that."

"Yes, sir. A boy and a girl,"
 young man answered excitedly. "W
 just bought a house. On the FHA.
 have to pay for it by the month."

Mr. Griffen looked as if he thou
 the young man might break dov
 "Listen!" he said. "There's noth
 for you to worry about. Our ruli
 straight from the OPA, is that all y
 have to do to get another B-3 car
 to get your boss to write us a lett
 Have him sign his name to what you
 told me and you're all set."

"Yes, sir," the young man sa
 "That's what I told my boss, but
 won't listen to me. He's made a ruli
 of his own that we must sell our stu
 by phone or not at all. That's not
 bad for the other salesmen, because I
 the only one working outside New Yo
 City. My boss says he won't ask any f
 vors for me. He says he loves his cou
 try. He says I ought to learn to be
 patriot."

Mr. Griffen said, "Well, we have
 ruling and we're supposed to stick to i
 No letter, no gas." He threw the pape
 clip on the floor and picked up M
 Schirmer's pen. "By God," he said, "yo
 just give me your boss's name, and I'l
 write him a letter! I may not be acting
 altogether according to Hoyle, but
 think you can stop worrying."

As the young man, having given the
 name, grinned and left, I said to Mr
 Griffen, "Isn't it odd that no com-
 muters have bothered you today? I ex-

them to make more trouble than
else."

commuters aren't so bad," Mr.
n said. "You see, most of them
t it out with the teachers when
ot their cards. They're reconciled
w to buses and walking and dou-
up. They grouse, but they don't
e impossible. That's been our ex-
ice and the experience of all the
boards in the county, though we've
l of a couple of odd cases. There's
yer who practices not only in New
t but also in the town where he has
ountry home. He's elderly, a wid-
, and has no one to take care of
but his staff of servants. He claims
eeds his car to drive himself and the
back and forth from town every
k, that he'd go bankrupt if he had
nd the servants by train. At his age
obvious that he can't just picnic out.
d he's working in both places, you

It's a risky decision, but I guess he
erves a B-3 card. I heard of a case,
, where a man managed to get B-3
ds for three of his cars and only A
ds for the remaining two. And he
ctically tore his ration board apart!"
r. Griffen tossed me a letter. "We get
ew of these every day, but not as many
you might think."

I glanced at the letter. It began:

DEAR MR. GRIFFEN:

I am delighted to know that a man of
ur integrity and high standing in this
mmunity should be chairman of our ra-
on board. It is certainly a lucky thing for
l of us that a man of your calibre is
illing to serve. I am writing to explain
at I'm afraid our A card isn't quite suit-
ble for us. I must take Evangeline to
chool each morning...

Mr. Griffen made a face. Handing
ne another letter, he said, "And we
lso get a few like this." It read:

DEAR MR. GRIFFEN:

I hope you will check up on all drivers.
While our boys are fighting and dying all
over the world, I can't see why anyone
should knowingly waste a fraction of an
inch of rubber or a single gallon of gas.

The letter was signed "Broken-
hearted."

Mr. Griffen looked apologetic as I
finished reading the letter. "Sort of emo-
tional, of course," he said. "Some sol-
dier's mother, I suppose."

He leaned forward over his desk,
toward the remaining petitioners on the
benches. "Next complaint," he said, a
bit severely.

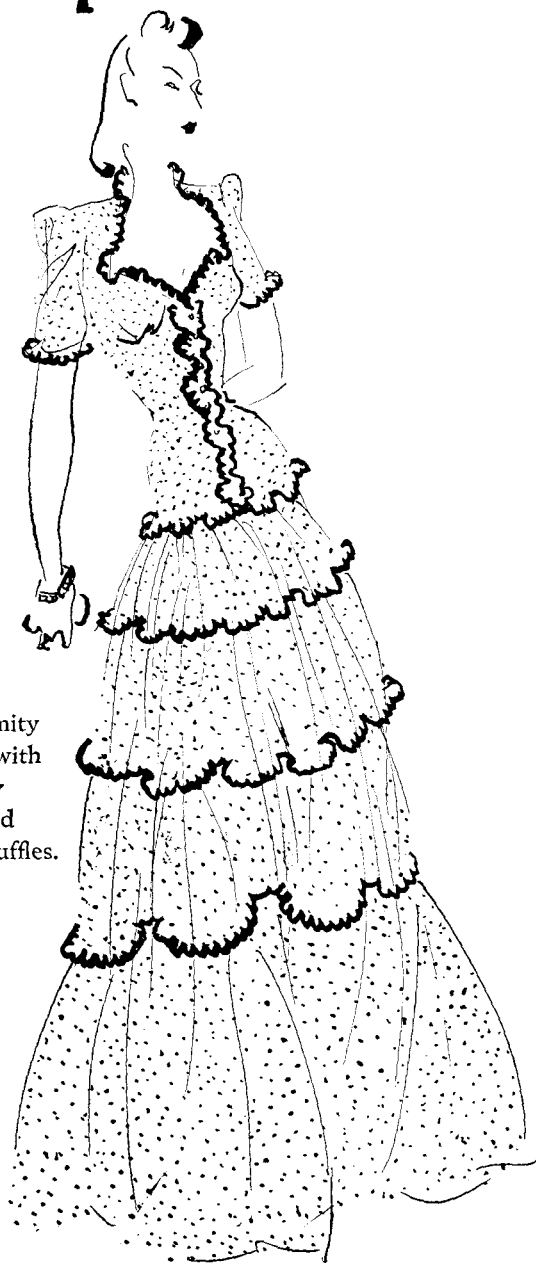
—BRENDAN GILL

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[Headline in the Times]

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THE ARMY LIFE

XVIII-ANDY HARDY COMES TO CAMP

SINCE I have been in the Army, my morale, I regret to say, has received absolutely no personal attention from movie stars. This plaintive confession may startle a few people who have been reading in *Life*, *Look*, and *Pic* about how Hollywood folk have been entertaining the soldier boys, and it may startle the movie stars, who probably figure they have covered the field. They have forgotten me, though. I wasn't even kissed by that indomitable ingénue who, with a counting machine in one hand and her lips determinedly pursed, roamed through the ranks a while ago, intent on improving the morale of exactly ten thousand soldiers. Evidently she filled her quota before she got around to me and is now off somewhere resting up.

The recent visit of Mickey Rooney to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where I am stationed, is an event I shall always remember, even though he left my morale just where he found it. Young Mr. Rooney dropped in more or less under the auspices of the U.S.O. His arrival was breathlessly awaited and, though my buddies and I were naturally not permitted to leave our duties to greet him at the railroad station in the adjacent town of Fayetteville, we heard later that enough affectionate townsfolk had tried to pull his clothes off to make the reception a success. After that orthodox beginning his visit became rather strange, for a movie star. His manager, a ubiquitous gentleman who seemed to be under the impression that he was escorting the Holy Grail, somehow persuaded the camp authorities that his lively cargo's cruise around the post should not be chronicled by the local press. At this the press became highly indignant. One correspondent, denied the privilege of speaking directly with the great man, reported uncharitably that Rooney's face, off the screen, was as green as his suit. Later this reporter was slightly mollified by being permitted a brief interview, with the stipulation, laid down by the actor's manager, that Rooney was not to be quoted—the same sort of restriction that Mr. Early might impose upon Arthur Krock before a Presidential press conference.

I heard about Rooney's troubles with the press because at the time I happened to be on special duty at my division's headquarters. The actor was scheduled to make two trips to our camp and both times I got involved in the ar-

rangements for his reception, which were somewhat indefinite. Such arrangements as we did make had to be discarded when he caught us off guard one evening, on his first visit, by turning up at headquarters a half-hour ahead of time. The only people around to welcome him were one photographer, a colonel who had wandered in, and the senior hostess from the Service Club, who had appeared an hour early, bringing with her a message that the junior hostess wanted Mickey's autograph. When Rooney toddled in, smothered in military police, his manager seemed offended at our unpreparedness and ignored our protestations that it had never occurred to us that a movie star might be on time, much less thirty minutes early. We were all pleased to observe that Rooney's face wasn't green at all and that his suit, a fantastically padded gabardine number, wasn't green, either.

While we were looking Rooney over, a general and another colonel rushed in and we proceeded to take some photographs. Although Mickey didn't seem to relish having his picture taken, he always managed expertly, the moment before the camera clicked, to break into his broad, trademarked grin. The only untoward incident involved one of the colonels, who, evidently figuring that he would never again have a chance to be photographed with so luminous a character, almost sprained his back as he posed, bending from the waist toward Rooney in a desperate effort not to be caught napping out of range. He was well within range the whole time, and when the films were developed the colonel came out looking like a boomerang.



While all this was going on, a few soldiers had gathered outside the building, waiting for Mickey to emerge and get to work on their morale. As soon as we had finished taking pictures, Rooney strode out onto the balcony and waved to the boys below. He then bounded off into the night. He had hardly left when somebody remembered the junior hostess's request for an autograph. We had only one around and its owner refused to relinquish it. The day was saved by a selectee who was an architectural draftsman by trade. Producing some tracing paper, he sat down and reeled off not only one but a couple of dozen first-rate Rooneys, and for days afterward there was a great traffic in Rooney signatures around

camp. The draftsman said he had enjoyed himself so much since he had been called upon to copy the in of a Gothic buttress.

ROONEY came back two days later. He arrived in the morning and was taken on a sightseeing tour by the commanding general. He then rode in the general's car to a pond, where some soldiers were climbing up and down rope nets draped over a wooden platform, practicing land operations. The general and his abbreviated guest got into a barge, which was ferried out to the float. Rooney stood up in the boat and put one foot on the net, holding the pose long enough for pictures to be taken of what would look like the start of a daring ascent soon as the photographer was satisfied. The actor's manager grabbed Mickey's arm and pulled him back down. Then some soldiers climbed all the way up and Mickey applauded like an apat seal. It didn't seem quite right, however. The gifted actor, sitting in a shallow boat and patting his hands together limply, looked amateurish in playing the part of the audience. The soldiers, whose enthusiastic applause of Rooney's screen antics had undoubtedly gladdened the heart of many a theater manager, were silent and self-conscious as they scrambled awkwardly up the net, as ill at ease in the unaccustomed parts of performers as they would have been if somebody had directed them to ask Lewis Stone for advice on how to conduct their love lives.

Mickey also visited various ranges where soldiers had been tidying things up for hours in anticipation of the visit. He seemed only moderately interested in the activities of the enlisted men. His manager spent most of his time looking at his watch. The only weapon the actor fired was a light machine gun. He was astonished by the noise he created with the pressure of his autograph finger and yelled "Wow!" After he had fired the gun, however, he didn't seem to care about inspecting his target. It is the only instance I have ever encountered of anyone's shooting at something and not wanting to know how close he came to hitting it. —Pvt. E. J. KAHN, JR.

Mrs. Vincent Astor gave a small luncheon party yesterday at the St. Regis Roof.

Idle Chatter Can Be a Tragic Matter

—*The Sun*.

And newspaper makeup can be sheer genius.

THE RACE TRACK

Money Spinner



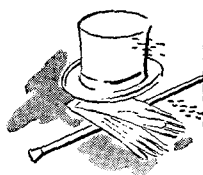
A FORTNIGHT ago I cut loose with the opinion that I'd be surprised if Alsab were beaten again this year. Sorry if the flip prophecy misled you into pick-

im for the Belmont Stakes. Still, finished second, so I was more fore than a fellow I overheard at Mont Park last weekend grumbling he'd been trying all afternoon but it's been able to get even one horse ne money. Apologies disposed of, ready to lead the cheering for Shut , who won The Belmont. There'd er be good, substantial cheering, too, it was a notable performance.

f you weren't bewitched by Als form in the Withers Mile and were king for hunches, you might have iced that John Gaver, Shut Out's mer, wore his pet tie. He says it isn't old school tie—just something he ked up in Brooks Brothers; nevertheless, he wears it whenever he saddles horse for an important sweepstakes id wants luck. Shut Out, who has a culiar, dogged way of running with s head down, was just as determined win. For the first five furlongs of the ace he and Alsab were lengths behind e leaders, whom nobody took serious-. Then, as Alsab quickened his pace, hut Out also moved up and, to the stonishment of everyone, went on to he front, winning by open daylight.

It was the first Belmont for Mrs. Payne Whitney since her Twenty Grand mowed down the opposition eleven years ago. Shut Out has come on famously since he took the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland in April. His time in The Belmont was faster than in the Kentucky Derby, if time means anything to you. And for those who estimate racing achievement with a cash register, he has earned, winning four races in six starts, \$120,972 in purses this spring.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, who spent the morning furbishing his decorations, reported in triplicate that he never saw so many generals and admirals on a race track as he did at Belmont on Army and Navy Day. The ceremony of presenting the Belmont Stakes plate was positively coruscated



Sportsman completes the

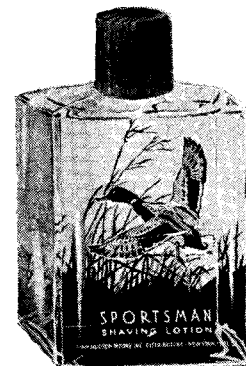
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with brass hats and gold braid. Incidentally, while Herbert Bayard Swope was announcing that the Westchester Racing Association was contributing around \$125,000 to war-relief societies and the U.S.O., \$5,783 was being wagered on the next race.

Earlier in the afternoon, when Alfred Vanderbilt, wearing his new Navy warrant officer's uniform, was sitting with several young cronies in the top row of the Turf & Field Club enclosure, two lovely young ladies who had been collecting contributions for Navy Relief among the crowd sat down in the row below and innocently put their baskets full of bills and silver on a chair beside them. "You know," said Vanderbilt, to nobody in particular, "this is Army and Navy Day. I guess all Navy men are supposed to get something or other out of those little baskets." The lovely young ladies, without turning around, picked up their baskets and quietly moved off.

WILLIAM DU PONT, JR., seemed more disappointed over Supermont's finishing eighth in the National Stallion Stakes than pleased about Suncap's winning the race, although he owns both colts. You see, when the two horses worked together mornings last week, Supermont beat Suncap easily, and such goings on as Suncap's beating Supermont always upset an owner. Du Pont was quite satisfied, of course, with the way Suncap polished off the other runners and picked up a purse of \$13,430. As Suncap also won the Juvenile earlier in the meeting, I suppose we'll have to accept him, for the time being, as the leading two-year-old, no matter what his owner thinks.

I SHOULD say that the best race of the week was Fairaris's in the Peter Pan Handicap. At any rate, the stopwatch handicappers give him a higher rating than Shut Out because he ran a mile in 1:35, which hadn't been done hereabouts in a dozen years, and finished out the mile and a furlong in 1:48½. Unfortunately, Fairaris went lame and may not run again for months.

WELL, here we are at Aqueduct, and what price Apache for the Carter Handicap? —AUDAX MINOR

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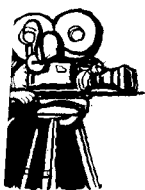
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Much About Not Much



LIVING, and thriving, on the excitement of their recent triumphs, those resplendent affairs that made last week a glittering spot in the history, the film people have edged back in their big easy chairs and rested a bit. In "Yankee Doodle Dan" and "Mrs. Miniver," they doubtless feel that we got more than we deserve, and now they shamelessly hold their peace.

They hold their peace and present us once again with Shirley Temple. Yes, the diva is back, and I would say that doesn't look a day older. Age is not a problem. I think she will have problems far beyond her years, however, if she does not somehow or other find herself a good story, and I think also that it would not be too sad to see her associated with a few of our better performers. Miss Annie Rooney," the current vehicle, will be old stuff even to Miss Temple's contemporaries, and as for the highly critical, hard-eyed little things among them, I imagine it will be something that takes them back to their more tedious cradle experiences. I have a suspicion that even the Rooney argot, the employment of such words as "drizzle-puss" and the like, may seem hackneyed to the more urbane group and certainly self-conscious on the pellucid lips of the Temple herself.

The plot has to do with poor young Annie, whose father is jobless and has a sort of crackpot idea about brewing a synthetic rubber out of milkweed. Fortunately, her old grandpa has a policeman's pension, so it is not as though the family were penniless. In comes a rich young hero, from Sutton Place, and he is mad about Annie in a jiffy and invites her to his birthday party with all his rich friends, which almost kills his fashionable mother. Annie nevertheless becomes really quite the hit of the occasion when her father shoots in to display his rubber process, a chemical procedure which gasses everyone present and, of course, mortifies our heroine for fair. Miss Temple dramatizes utter mortification by merely a slight distortion of her pretty, plump little face, and one feels she will survive, after all. That the father's rubber idea turns out to have something in it and that, as we may

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gather, the Rooneys are completely set to move to Sutton Place, if that brief lane is not too slummy for them, is no shock toward the end. There is a hint of romance at the very close of the film—at this particular point in the diva's long trek to the rôle of Juliet or Thaïs or Elektra or whatever may be her ultimate goal—as, one notes, she lets her dainty hand rest lightly in the paw of the brat from Sutton Place.

THERE is one reason only to pay any attention whatsoever to "Remember Pearl Harbor," and that is to take warning from the title and beware of others like it that may turn up in the future. This picture is as conventional claptrap adventure stuff as one can see. In the past, films like this have been placed often in some South American republic which has a revolution in full swing. Sometimes the setting has been in the Near East or in those Graustarks and Ruritania of remote Europe. "Remember Pearl Harbor" has all the earmarks of such rubbish, and there is an impudence, almost, in the exploitation of this particular title. Were it not ridiculous, I'd say that the gentle grace note on which the picture ends, the presentation of the Medal of Honor won by the dead hero to the heroine, because the government feels he would have liked it that way, might almost seem offensive. The heroine, an entertainer of the region, had simply been skeddaddling over the territory, and even the hero's interest had been at best casual. Flimflam with big titles, titles suggestive of great moments and affairs, is something to be on guard against in the movie houses these days. —JOHN MOSHER

SIR: I am compiling an anthology of odors in literature—good and bad—and would appreciate the assistance of your readers in pointing out passages that should be included in such a collection. —From a letter in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Passages? We'll give you whole books.

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[From the *Officers' Guide*, 8th Edition]

The importance of the salute and what is meant by it is impossible to over-estimate. It is a mark of the soldier's respect for his officer. At the very beginning of the Bolshevik reign the soldiers' and workman's congress passed a resolution as follows: "The men will not in future salute officers." That was the first step toward the downfall of the Russian military forces.



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WASHINGTON FANTASY

THELY I appraised Washington as I rode in a taxi toward the centre of the city from the station. Fondly I thought of the many I hadn't seen for two years or so, how easy it would be to find them. Different cozy Washington from New York! Here people knew her. Year after year they worked same spots. In just a few moments I'd be moving in a familiar group. A caravan of trucks loaded with old goods passed my taxi. The driver jerked his hand and said, "They've lost two million, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of household goods already. More every day." I passed a flock of girls twittering and chirping, and then another flock. The town was alive with them. The driver nodded his head sideways and said, "Moving in! Two hundred and fifty thousand's come already." He looked to himself in a deranged fashion. "Moving in an' out. Out and in. Moving."

I said the cabby off, glad to be rid of his melancholy croon. Right away I found an old friend, only to hear a low ringing, the long, long ringing means an empty house. I called her number. An inexorable voice said, "That number has been disconnected." It can't be. It's a hotel," I cried. The voice repeated, "That number has been disconnected. If you want the front Circle, try the OCD."

I thought of another friend and called her number. "Try the War Production Board, Republic 7500," a lifeless voice replied. I called it, only to hear, "No one by such a name is on our list." I called another friend and yet another. All, all had disappeared.

Shaken, I left the telephone and, in the lobby of my hotel, ran into a friend, whom I cried, "Where's everyone?" He answers. I can't even get Bill Marion, who moved down here to work on Wages and Hours."

"They've moved back long ago. Wages and Hours is in New York."

"You're where you always were—PRA?"

"Oh, no," he said. "We've been distributed."

"Distributed?" I cried. "What's that? Where to?"

"I wish I knew. We're nowhere now. Scattered through the town. We're just distributed, as Lend-Lease goods may be!"

I went out on the street into the

strange new Washington. My friend went with me. "You'll need a guide," he said compassionately.

ON every hand new structures were going up. Around the marble buildings yawned yellow holes. Hammers banged, saws buzzed.

I needed more familiar sights. "I'll go to Agriculture," I said to my friend hopefully. "I'll look up friends in the old, stable bureaus like Fish and Wildlife, which, unchanging, has challenged the changing hours." We sped through the familiar corridors, but everywhere we went was emptiness. In Fish and Wildlife there remained only one lone canary, molting in its neglected cage.

I asked my friend what chance there was of finding the Indian Office and Margaret. "They've moved the Indian Office about a lot," he said, "but it's barely come to rest in the new Interior Building and may be there still."

We went to New Interior, where all around stood great packing cases. On one packing case sat a lone Indian beating a lament on an Indian drum: "The trail of tears had been resumed. On, on into the night, to be swallowed in Chicago murk, the Indian Office, whose clear turquoise has burned sky-bright in the Interior! Gone the tribal council, the flash of silver, the swing of blanket, the wide hats proudly worn; vanished the Indian Office; gone the braves and warriors! Ei yah!" Suddenly the Indian vanished, and I realized that my harried mind was playing tricks on me.

"I must find someone," I said wildly,



"some old, familiar face. Where's Jake—in Housing?"

"Jake's converted," answered my friend.

"Tom, then, at the NYA?"

"Tom's loaned."

"Jim?"

"Disassembled."

"Johnson, on WPB?"

"He's to be decentralized."

"Alice, of Farm Security?"

"Decentralized also."

"Howard, the Hydrographic Office?"

"Transferred to the Chief of Naval Operations!"

"Ann, at the Patent Office?"

"In Richmond."

"But Bayard—Bayard's in the Army. The War Department's where it was?"

"That's what *you* think," my friend replied. "They're always moving, too. Bayard was moved four times. I traced him through each move and then—" He looked strangely at me.

"You think—" I cried.

"I don't think. No one thinks here. With all the moving, there is no time to think. We move from apartment house to hotel to temporary building, then on, on, on, or, cuckoolike, push out some older bureau, which moves away. Many are lost in the confusion."

Like racks of clouds there came distracted thoughts: The Army also moving? Gone? Gone the brass hats? Where? Liquidated the aged officers?

All these bureaus and departments—they can't be sunk without trace. REA, Farm Security, Immigration, Securities and Exchange, Railroad Retirement. The Patent Office, monument of my childhood, where I was wont to gaze upon the garments of George Washington, Father of his Country. The Census. I must find where they were. A light came to me like a star shell bursting in the fog of doubt. It was as if I saw in fiery letters "ARCHIBALD" and then "MACLEISH" written in the sky.

"The Office of Facts and Figures!" I cried, as though I visioned salvation. "They will know. They will tell me. Although they don't disseminate, they influence and aid morale." I parted from my friend and lightly my feet bore me to the Library of Congress.

"The Office of Facts and Figures—where is it?" I demanded. "Where are they? Where is he?"

"Lady," said the blue-garbed guard-dian, "the Office of Facts and Figures

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is—"I so well knew that voice. Too often had those pitying accents fallen on my stricken ear.

"He hasn't gone?" I shrieked. "Not Archibald? Not MacLeish? He so late come, he has not gone? He has not been transferred, converted, distributed, liquidated?"

The uniformed guardian of the Library of Congress looked at me pityingly. "No, lady, they've just moved."

I motioned him to say no more. There is one stable institution, I thought grimly, one thing unchangeable, one asylum, even though it's an insane asylum—St. Elizabeth's. I rushed into a telephone booth and dialled the number of that ancient refuge for those who, like myself, could endure no more.

"St. Elizabeth's?" I asked hoarsely.

An even voice of one who surely could not have listened to my question said, "Try the Capitol. National 3120."

—MARY HEATON VORSE

POESY DEPARTMENT

[From the Sullivan County (Ind.)
Democrat]

POEM A TRIBUTE TO JUDGE MARTIN L. PIGG

Sullivan's miner-poet, Mr. Will Dickerson, a very worthy citizen of the City of Sullivan, and who has known Judge Pigg ever since he has been a resident of the City of Sullivan, engaged in the practice of law and as an official, and who served one term on the petit jury since Judge Pigg has been Judge, has written a very fine poem in tribute to him in his official capacity for the very worthy and efficient work that he has done and is doing as Judge of the Sullivan Circuit Court, which poem is as follows:

"A TRIBUTE"

We come to pay tribute to you, Judge Pigg,
With your kindly smile and your heart so big.

And Mrs. Burton and these eleven men
Each one knows you're a real true friend.

Your record is free from scandal or stanch
And you are an honor to this circuit bench.
You ever give justice, we are sure
To high and low, to rich and poor.

Sullivan County will never regret or begrudge
The day you were chosen its circuit judge.

So whether alone, or in any crowd
We'll tell the whole world, of Judge Pigg
We're proud.

So when you reach the end of life's long,
long trail

And to the port of "Missing Men" your
ship shall set sail

When you reach that Fair Land of God's
rising sun

May you hear that sweet verdict, "Faithful
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BOOKS

'An Indian van Loon—How We Started



DURING the period from October, 1930, to August, 1933, Jawaharlal Nehru was engaged in earning a certificate of good character; that is, he spent his time in various Indian jails as an "enemy" of the Empire. These three years of "detachment," as he calls it, were not as many other jailbirds—Cervantes, Grotius, and many others—have done: he wrote a book. He didn't know it was going to be a book. It started as a long series of letters to his young daughter, Indira, and the letters about no less a matter than the history of the world. The letters, now supplemented to the years up to 1938, you may find in a huge, thousand-page book, quite accurately, "Glimpses of World History."

It is not intended as a formal history; it does not claim to rival Wells' famous "Outline." It rambles, stops on a way, is full of personal touches; it is never unemphatic about dates and facts, but it is, remember, written for a child. It lacks proportion, it repeats itself, it is original. Yet I think it one of the best useful books for grownups I have read in some time.

For instance, it is written by an Indian. Despite his cosmopolitan culture, Nehru cannot help the feeling every Oriental must have—that, after all, Europe is but a cape jutting out from the continent of Asia. So, in this book, ancient India and China receive more space than ancient Rome, and the vast, mysterious East is never forgotten from the first page to the last. It is good for us to read a book like this, for even the best of our own historians tend to succumb to a European bias. Nehru restores the balance.

He writes, frankly enough, as an anti-imperialist, a Socialist, and an Indian nationalist. These slants determine the color of his whole account of the world. He makes no profession of historical objectivity, whatever that is, and the reader may find this absence of detachment charming in its own way.

Nehru is a sort of Indian van Loon, substituting a kind of gentle tenderness for van Loon's wit and humor. Both men are great teachers, shrewd in the

use of informality as a pedagogical tool.

There are fifty useful maps by the industrious J. F. Horrabin and an index so complete that, on looking it over, you become aware that, despite the book's errant nature, it has covered an enormous amount of ground.

SOME of you may remember Howard Fast's excellent reconstruction of the Valley Forge episode in his novel "Conceived in Liberty." He has improved on it now with "The Unvanquished," a very moving study of the New York campaign of Washington's army in the fall of 1776, the subsequent retreat north, the passage over into Jersey, and the terrible months of disaster that ended at last with the crossing of the Delaware and the defeat of the Hessians. The central character is Washington, and all the subsidiary characters are real too—Greene, Charles Lee, Nathan Hale, Hamilton, Putnam.

Mr. Fast is a quiet and unpretentious

writer. He is quite incapable of handling the elaborate paraphernalia of, let us say, a Kenneth Roberts. He may, for all I know, be but a middling student of the period. Yet his short, bony narratives shine with a clear truth that is not always immediately visible in the work of more highly touted historical novelists. For example, in "The Unvanquished" the figure of Washington dominates the story. Now, it would seem almost impossible at this late date to make of Washington a person not merely recognizable as a historical personage but alive as a human being. Mr. Fast does it. He does it by showing us a man who was not a great general, who was inept with words, who feared failure and pain, whose prejudices were those of a rich, foxhunting Virginia gentleman. He also shows this fallible human being developing, under the stress of defeat, that hard core of character which was to make him in the end truly the father of his country. The odd thing is that Mr. Fast manages to portray Washington as a



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human being and a great hero at the same time. I do not know of any other novelist who has done this so successfully.

It is a sad epoch in our history with which "The Unvanquished" deals. It was a period of retreats and failures and desertions. It was a period of Fifth Column intrigues, with General Lee ready and willing to displace his Commander-in-Chief. The Congress in which Washington placed his simplehearted trust was spineless, so unsure of itself that in a weak moment it gave Washington the dictatorial powers he refused to exercise. It was at this point in our early fortunes that Washington and his aides (none of whom, except Hamilton, played any part in the post-Revolutionary period) proved themselves men, men not so much of intelligence or shrewdness as of stubborn, almost mystic unvanquishability.

It is good for us to read about these times, for they may come again, on an even larger stage, and there will be a great need for small and large Washingtons and the faith they had in the extremely simple idea of freedom.

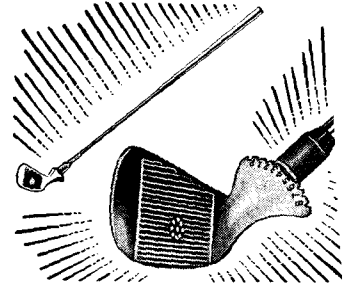
"THIS is the story of one soldier in the New American Army and of what he did and thought during the years from 1929 to 1942. I have thought of it as an historical novel of the Present." Thus William Bradford Huie describes his first novel, "Mud on the Stars," a wondrous mixture of good and bad. It might have been called "The Education of a Barbarian," and its prose style, rather distended and hard-breathing, has its barbaric aspects.

Mr. Huie's young hero is Peter Garth Lafavor, an Alabaman who grows up enjoying to the full some of the less pleasant prejudices of the Deep South and (very slowly) gets them knocked out of him. The college-boy stuff is poor man's Thomas Wolfe, the sex episodes are standard, but in Peter's successful search for a faith there is a feverish emotional quality that, despite the author's immaturity, has considerable impact.

THIS department does not ordinarily review reprints, no matter how handsomely dressed, but the two-volume "Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét" deserves a special gesture of homage. The first volume (poetry only) includes all of "John Brown's Body," Benét's fine ballads, and most of his other verse. The second volume has all his stirring stories of American history and many of his best tales of here and now. Mr. Benét deserves

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newhat ponderous dignity of a d edition more than most of his poraries. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

RTAL SERGEANT, by John phy. A straightforward and insting novel of desert warfare to. A small British patrol—twelve n, one corporal, one sergeant—s lost in the Libyan desert. After attack by Italian dive-bombers and one-sided brush with a German op-carrier plane, only three of the itish unit return to base. A grim d painful affair, during which the ung corporal, who had thought of mself as a bit of an aesthete, finds has become a man and a soldier. ecommended for your war reading is week.

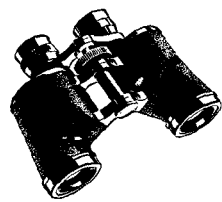
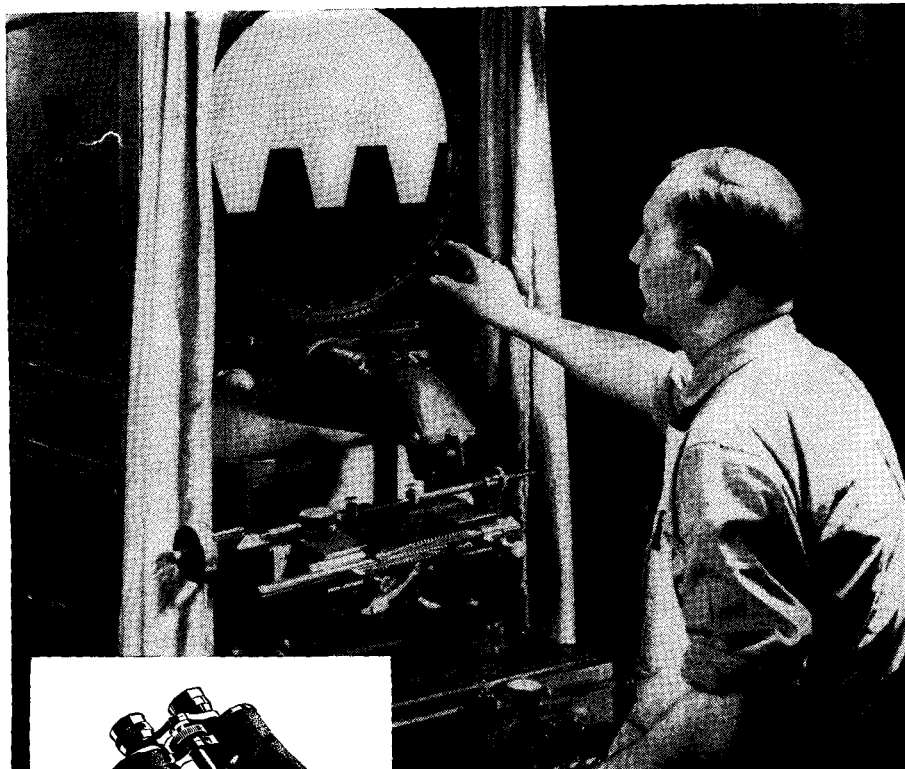
THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEER, y Frank Waters. The story of a ueblo Indian boy, raised in a white hool and at odds with the rituals nd traditions of his tribe. To add o his troubles, he marries the wrong girl and kills a deer on his govern-ment reservation. How he makes oeace with the tribe and with himself Mr. Waters tells very knowingly, in ipt and beautiful prose.

VIEW FROM A WINDOW, by F. Ruth Howard. Like horse racing? In this book Miss Howard presents two large, dashing horses and two exciting horse races. Also some people —disgruntled sociologist, pretty lady, mysterious rich old man, and so on. The horses are more fun.

GENERAL

WILL GERMANY CRACK?, by Paul Hagen, translated by Anna Caples. Recent and fairly credible material on conditions in Germany and the occupied countries, much of it tending to show that the Germans may be getting themselves into a fine mess —transportation shaky, production down, skilled labor wearing out, etc. The author is careful not to overstate the case, though he does seem rather too sanguine about the soldiers, farmers, and younger Nazis who are, he says, turning away from Hitler and might be salvaged for democracy. Introduction by Elmer Davis.

THE FAMILY IN A WORLD AT WAR, edited by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. The family being one of the institutions Hitler aims to destroy, there is a special value in this collection of thoughtful essays by such rep-



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utable folk as Eduard C. Lindemann, General Hershey, Pearl Buck, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Anna W. M. Wolf, Eleanor Roosevelt, and the editor.

RAPHAEL, edited by Ludwig Goldscheider, with an introduction by W. E. Suida. One of the handsomest of the long series of Phaidon Press books, this contains 120 plates, 17 in color, and presents a remarkably full selection of this prolific master's known works.

ONE MAN'S MEAT, by E. B. White. Forty-five ruminations, most of them rural in tone, by a stylist and a person who needs no recommendation in these columns. Almost all of these quiet and witty essays were first published in *Harpers*; a few are from *The New Yorker*.

THE EIGHT MILLION: JOURNAL OF A NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT, by Meyer Berger. A substantial collection of bits and pieces by a veteran newspaperman who for many years has been at large on a citywide beat. Some of his stories, like the well-remembered "Murder, Inc." and "The Tombs," are grim; some, like the one about the dawn coming to Times Square, are tender; some, which deal with waterfront characters and the like, are humorous. Several of them have appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GILDED MAN, by Carter Dickson. An English family who own some valuable paintings are foolhardy enough to give a houseparty. An attempted robbery, tangled love affairs, and murder are not too difficult for Sir Henry Merrivale, and he comes through with a neat solution.

DESIGN IN EVIL, by Rufus King. Miriam Lake is hired to go on a yachting trip as governess for a child. When the yacht puts to sea, she discovers that there is no child to mind; then an eminent psychologist tries to persuade her that she is really someone else. She begins to suspect a murder plot, and how right she is! Mr. King at his best.

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son. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in Luckies today.

To independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts...and the finer, milder leaf is in Luckies. Why not remember that, and act on it, next time you buy cigarettes?



*24% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1